The Occult Digest

A Magazine for Everybody

ESTABLISHED 1925

JUNE

1936

Youth

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J. John Gilbert, an alumnus of Miami, returns to us with an illuminating, gloom-shattering serial.

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This month we begin the publication of a series of powerful and human-interest stories by J. John Gilbert, whose "In Defense of the Devil" in these pages created such a furore of interest and excitement.

Mr. Gilbert's new work appears under the paradoxical title, "Tremendous Trifles," consisting of a group of invigorating and encouraging stories that will electrify you and give you a new grip on Life.

"Tremendous Trifles" is a campaign against worry, despair, ill health and failure. A reading of the stories as they appear each month in these pages will make you impregnable to failure and other distressing things that disrupt your life. We consider ourselves fortunate in being able to obtain the serial rights to Mr. Gilbert's remarkable new work.

THE SCOPE OF TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

"Tremendous Trifles" demonstrates that the fine accomplishments of Life develop from the balance of far-reaching vision, splendid energy and a healthful imagination. Which are you — an **unavailing dreamer** or an **undreaming doer?** Learn how to combine the dreams of the idealist with the stark and uninspiring realism of the crass utilitarian, and, by compelling the dreamer to deliberate action and demonstrating the value of dreams to the unimaginative realist, forge a certain balance that will make life a radiant, cheerful and happy experience as a matter of natural sequence.

WOULD YOU DO GREAT THINGS IF YOU COULD ONLY FIND TIME?

Do you have **dreams** and **ambition** but are lacking in **courage** and **determination?** Are you anchored in the old groove, working at a job far below you with no apparent way out? Are you a machinist with aspirations to forge to better things? So was Henry Ford! Are you a butcher? So was William Shakespeare! Are you a drug clerk? So was O'Henry! Are you a factory worker? So was Caruso! Are you a farmer? So was President Grant and Woolworth! Are you a barn painter? So was Harding! Are you a mule driver? So was Garfield! These men all worked at jobs which you consider your disheartening groove today, and none of them had a patent on success. The difference between them and you is: they **did something** about getting out of the groove and vaulted to the heights; and what they did, you, too, can do if you learn the lesson of courage, determination and faith which TREMENDOUS TRIFLES teaches.

HAVE YOU A POVERTY COMPLEX? TREMENDOUS TRIFLES will knock the props completely out from under it.

ARE YOU OBSESSED BY UNREASONING FEAR?

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES will kill it out. No one can feel, talk, work, act, rest or think well when fear rules. Fear isolates one from health, happiness and accomplishment. It destroys sound judgment and prevents success even in small things.

YOU NEED the will-power that TREMENDOUS TRIFLES demonstrates. You need a fixed purpose, a clear vision of the goal ahead, invincible courage and persistence, a nature that will scorn defeat and refuse to accept the rebuffs of Life as final. You need the capacity to react positively to adverse criticism and unfair attacks, accepting them as something beneficial to you. You need to know how to conserve time, energy and nerves and to realize that happiness comes with your active desire to bring happiness to others.

The above describes only a small part of what you can expect when you read Mr. Gilbert's entrancing new book, TREMENDOUS TRIFLES. You will not want to miss a single issue of the series as it appears in this magazine beginning with the June issue.

Closing date for contest will be announced in a future issue of this magazine.

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FREEDOM IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION
by
Edmund K. Goldsborough

REALIZATION BY RECOGNITION
by Peggy Dell

REGULAR FEATURES

▼

OUR READERS will remember THE OCCULT DIGEST is seeking for actual experiences that convey a "Truth" *stronger* than "Fiction"

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BELLE L. GOULD, *Circulation Dept.*

West Carrollton, Ohio,
March 17, 1936.

To the Contest Editor,
Occult Digest,
1900 North Clark Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Editor:

A reading of Mr. Gilbert's splendidly illuminating story gave me an understanding of the all-embracing greater life which my smug Christianity never let me have before. This story convinces me that whatever the creed or Bible is, whether we accept or reject it, the road traveled by the seeker leads to the same goal. The road may be Christian, Mohammedan, Buddhist — whatever it is, it becomes unimportant before the great importance of the goal. Likewise, the Koran, the Zend-Avesta, the Holy Bible as guides to the various roads, are unimportant. At any rate, no Bible is more important than any other before God, the keeper of the goal. Prayer directed to God whether by Christian or infidel as non-Christians are called, stands just as much chance of being answered. God does not discriminate between creeds and beliefs; it is the earnest heart, marking the true seeker, which commands an answer before God.

Mr. Gilbert's amazing story convinces me that there is but one power and that is God. Not the Christian or any other creed-shackled God — but *the* God of all religions and Bibles, an omnipotent God who is bringing about our spiritual advancement by subjecting us to the exercise of evil. This exercise develops our spiritual muscles just as muscular resistance develops our physical muscles, and is therefore, important. Any time God wishes He can abolish evil and discontinue the exercise, but once the character-challenging forces of evil become extinct and the soul faces no more obstacles to overcome, that moment, like the loafing athlete, the soul muscles become soft and flabby. The soul must always fight up and on for advancement, and the overcoming of evil represents certain and continued advancement. The devil as the chief instrument of evil, is subservient to God since God is all powerful. Anyone who worries when he knows evil and the Devil are a part of the creationist plan, entertains a defective idea of Divinity. I confess I did so before I read Mr. Gilbert's story. Now I can see that any moment God so wills, the exercise of evil can be discontinued and the Devil and the world of evil reclaimed.

I have heard hundreds of sermons, but none of them presented such an array of illuminating and inspiring thoughts as did this story by your great writer. I think it should be published in every foreign language.

Very sincerely yours,

(Miss) Charlotte Rogers,
c/o Mrs. Don Cattell,
West Carrollton, Ohio.

THE VOICES OF THE

It Gives Us Great Pleasure to Give These Communications to the Inquiring World...

Mrs. Elizabeth Allen Tomson Speaking

FROM a very young girl I was controlled by those who had passed through the change called death. At first I did not know who they were; to me they were angels. After years of experience I realized that they were just folks—folks like my own and folks like myself, some good, some bad, some very good and some very, **very** bad. To distinguish between the good and the **very** good was easy but to distinguish between the bad and the very, **very** bad was not so easy; to always know the good from the bad, who were masked, was a difficult task indeed.

As I grew older and then a little older I found it extremely hard to tell which was true and which were untrue; whether they came to me in the guise of friends or whether they came to me in the guise of Spirit, both were so real that sometimes it was hard to distinguish those clothed in the spirit from those clothed in the flesh, so constantly were they by my side and so vigorous were they in their appeals and in their demands. Waking or sleeping I was never alone.

After many years of being constantly tossed about on turbulent seas, never being sure of anything, life took on a more decided activity. It was at this time that the forms became tangible entities seemingly separated from me and at a distance from me and as time went on, being instructed by these entities or materialized individuals, instructions were given as to how my life should be dedicated to the work known as materialization.

When I came to the end of the physical trail I began to look back over the years that I had served, or, over the years that had been taken from me in service for the benefit of those who had finished their earth life and for those who were passing, as it were, along the physical trail, for I had served, or shall I say I had traveled the country over, not only in the United States but to foreign ports. I had submitted to every gruesome test, physical as well as mental suffering, to prove my honesty. Sacrifice upon sacrifice I made and as the days sped by I began to count the hours when release from the physical body would come. I had glimpsed through other eyes the beauty, the grandeur and wonderfulness of that country into which I knew I would soon be going. Pain was no longer pain to me—it was the tolling of the bells telling of the last agony and the release which was to be mine from the burden I could no longer carry and when the tone of the bells rang out in their clear welcome and I entered into communion with those I loved and who loved me—dying became an art—a new canvas stretched for the artist, to begin its immortal painting. I had fulfilled the mission given me to do—I had left no task unfinished, therefore I found my feet resting on the solid ground of assurance that Life's individuality, Life's independence, Life's security and Life's activity did not end with the death of the physical body.

Death is **truly** a birth, rich and full for those who know the law—for those who do not fear to die—for those who have assurance and positive realization as I had that all that I had ever loved still lived and loved me and as I departed from the shell I had carried around for so many years and realized that I had a perfect body, free from pain—a clear mind, free from worry, free from care, I turned with a cry of rejoicing and thanksgiving to those who had held me in seeming bondage in the world of physical pain, service and suffering until my mission was ended.

I was happy that I had not failed, that I could receive the benediction of "well

(*Continued on page 28*)

UNIVERSE SPEAKING

EFFA E. DANELSON, *Editor*

Mind and Matter

THE false premise of placing **mind** in **matter** is accountable for the delusions handed down from generation to generation about Life functions. From **pulpit** and **press** we hear these mouthings: "Immortality was established with the resurrection of one individual," quoted in each succeeding generation by men who have no understanding of the fundamental principles governing Life.

Going back in time man traces through the animal world the origin of different species and has correctly analyzed and set forth intelligently the process of the **law** governing the development of these species from the legless frog to the flying bat. Man has found causes for these complete changes in species—intelligent causes; man today, with his histories can portray the development of the human race through the different ages in which he has positive evidence and accurate records.

You would think that today, with the wonderful past known to man to which he can refer, he would begin to include himself in these great records of creative evolution. Just why man separates his own development from the antediluvian records and creates for himself a Heaven and a Hell, a God and a Savior, is beyond all reasoning power of those who actually and logically reason the question of Life with a mind unbiased and unhampered by the **colored plates** placed in the records of man's evolution by the theorists governed by the fear complex.

To comprehend Life we must disengage the mind from the accepted idea that Life depends upon the physical body and its appendages. One must reason that Life did not begin with the conception produced conjunctively by the male and female of the species. One must rid themselves of the fallacy so prevalent in the education of man that he was conceived in SIN and thereby shut out from Heaven. The law governing the propagation of the species includes man as well as other conceived species, filling the same vacuum that man himself fills. Man must remove from his **thinking** the idea that he is a stranger in this world—that he is passing this way as an **outcast,** born to repentance and forgiveness, to return again to his former oneness with a mythical Creator whose caliber of mind and action can only be deplored under any and all logical and just balancing of cause and effect. That man is a **lost** creation, deprived of direction or balance cannot be conceived of when man ceases to set himself above other species living under the same law from the same cause and experiencing the same effects.

That man, down through the cycles has become enlightened does not change the law governing Life itself. The process of Birth and Death has never changed. Causes have changed. Take any man among you today and place him on a par with the beasts of the jungle and he would revert to their habits and their instincts in a few generations.

Now let us view Life as we see it all about us. Take the human family; they are in two classes—the poisonous plant and the Life-giving plant. The one we destroy, the other we foster. The Law grades. The Life-giving seed produces its kind under proper conditions, proper form, perfect functions; under improper conditions, improper form and improper functions. Each individual, being a law unto itself, follows the light of its understanding. In man it is termed intellect; in all other forms of Life this governing power is called instinct. Each form of Life thrown into action speeds towards its ultimate goal in each successive cycle of evolution, in whatever vehicle it may be

(Continued on page 25)

EDITORIALS IN TUNE

Without Fear or Favor

Why Do We Ask For Peace?

WE ASK for Peace that the children now gathered at their Mother's knee may have an inheritance that will give them a correct understanding of their Life, here and hereafter. We ask for Peace for these Mothers that they may have surcease from worry and slavery because of poverty and the haunting Fear that they are raising their boys and girls to satisfy the political and money-mad monsters who in the past made our laws and our institution of slavery of both mind and body, under which the men and women of our present day and for a half century have been compelled to *sacrifice* Self-respect and independent Thinking.

We ask for this *PEARL OF GREAT PRICE* for our children and their children's children: The Peace that will build strong bodies, strong characters and the true vision of Life and its mission. Constructive Peace that will turn our prisons and asylums into schools of learning and our churches into Sanctuaries where the needy may be cared for —Peace that gives where giving is needed and restores where ruthless destruction has taken from those who bore with patience and honor the brunt of the battle waged for the victims of the chicane Governments of the past.

Awaken, ye men and women, who contributed to the delinquency of our young men and maidens. Ye ruthless and lawless *Law*makers of the New Century—at your door lies the cunning and cruel planning of Wars, to your altars of Lust and licentiousness were drawn the Youth who accepted your glitter for Gold, who accepted your False testimony and were consumed by your fire of deceit and debauching. On your Tombstone we read this Epitaph: *Here lie the lawmakers and the executioners of Youth.*

Your rule is strewn with murderers. You gave birth to the present pastime of Murder by the States. It was you, my fine Ladies and Gentlemen, who handed down the mantle of Kidnaping and murderous tortures. You, with your lust and love for false pleasures, gave birth to the gangsters who plunged the world into ruthless warfare. Your treacherous mantle has fallen and snuffed out the lives of your children and will, if not removed, devastate generations yet to be born.

Masters of Peace, we beseech you. Set aside the glamor of personal achievement, unite one with the other, speak with one voice that the trumpeters may hear the word of command and march on to the *enemies* of Peace, the makers of war, and strike them down that they shall rise not again. Remove them from the path that the child upon your lap may be free forevermore from their blood-dripping fangs. STRIKE today that the sun of Peace may shine upon your burial place and your name go down in history as a King of Peace. Endow each child with your "Coat of Arms" that all who come after you may be children of the house of *peace*.

Does Death Free Us?

OUR editorial, "Murder by the State Must Stop," provoked a number of questions from our readers. "Does Death Free Us?" is one. Death does not free us, it only releases us from the physical body. Our freedom comes only through the process of gaining understanding of our status of Life. Those who have this understanding have no need of death, they are free Souls functioning in the physical body and death is only a matter of time. Those who have no understanding of Life after death must get that understanding after death. To some it comes with the change, while others grope in darkness. We venture to say that only one per cent of the people have become conscious that a change has taken place until they realize that their loved ones do not answer them when they speak. Even those who premeditated death and knew it was to take place, do not realize that death has actually taken place.

We have been in communication with those who have just dropped the body, who realized the freedom from the physical body and we have communicated with those who were groping in the mental darkness hundreds of years. Life after death depends wholly and entirely upon one's ability to adapt themselves to their environment. The cause of death we do not consider makes any difference and when the Spirit gains control the state of that mind reacts the same as before death.

Always bear in mind that death is a Birth. Premeditated death, whether by the State or an individual, is premature Birth, with all of its attending afflictions. One asked, why do you fight for the Life of a criminal? My answer is, I am fighting for the Life of a criminal to be held in the physical body to protect Society, the very Society that is clamoring to retain Capital punishment.

As long as the Life is held intact in its physical body society has a fighting chance to protect itself and educate the criminal. The moment the life energy stops flowing through the physical body the criminal who dies filled with revenge starts on a tour of revenge. Any susceptible mind is his prey

WITH OUR TIMES

BY EFFA DANELSON

until his lustful Soul realizes his own sin. This is not a new thought with us; we have followed in the wake of these state murders for years, seeking out these unfortunate Sons of Society. Whenever we could attract them we have led them to Teachers of the Law. Some we knew were guilty, some we knew were innocent of the crimes for which they were murdered. The innocent man and the ones who are victims of the mistakes of society are the most revengeful.

Just one more word: it would be a mercy if the State could kill these men and women, but unfortunately, they only maim and cripple them and unless they can be reached by a Teacher, they become Teachers of crime to men and women still in the physical body, whom they can influence. This is the Occult age, and now more than ever, our Lawmakers and executioners should study the Occult Laws governing every stage of the human career.

We are fighting for a better disposition of the criminal. We are fighting for the application of that age-old remedy, "An ounce of prevention." We are fighting for the realization to come to man, that a Nation of homes wherein the child can be properly reared should be the Nation's first concern. To abate crime, feed, clothe and educate the prospective fathers and mothers.

Crime is a result, never a cause.

The Unchanging Law

PHILOSOPHY and the law are eternal enemies. The law is unchangeable. Philosophy is an institution created by man. As man advances, he changes his Philosophy. Through the changes in the eternal unfoldment Time has brought, man is wont to confuse his Philosophy with the immutable Law, and is prone to teach his discoveries as being the Law; he has lost sight of the law of creation, which is the same yesterday and will be the same on the morrow. Evolution is not the Law. Evolution is the changes which take place through the operation of the *law*.

The fixed Law of the Universe moves the Powers which in time change the course of the Universe. These changes bring evolution, and evolution brings about changes in the philosophy and in man himself.

Man, instead of developing his intellect to govern, uses his intellect to create things which in the course of Time becomes the governing power over man and becomes his philosophy and in time his master, but not the Law.

Each succeeding generation emulates their predecessor until the race of man has run and a new cycle is instituted by the Governing Law of the Universe. Astrologers say it is the stars; Numerologists tell us it is numbers; Spiritualists say it is the Spirits; Theosophists look to the masters and the reincarnationists are sure it is the Law of rebirth, through a succession of rebirths—and one might ask, "Who say ye that I am?"

It has been our good fortune to steer clear of all entanglements of 'ologies of whatever name or creed. Our vision shows us clearly that man is entirely governed by his emotions or his reaction to the emotions of his intimates or to the mob emotion.

Man has no judgment of his own. Man, like all animals, is governed by his instinct until he succumbs to the stronger wills about him. We see it more pronounced when he becomes what is usually understood to be of age. He struts and puffs and blows, but he eventually falls in behind the caravan in the big parade *Time* created for him as a showplace. He may have characteristic, individual personality plus, but when that great Monarch Law taps him on the shoulder and says, time to change, he is shorn of all his gorgeous uniforms and becomes one with the Law. His philosophy, his theories, his peeves are all swallowed up in the great revelation that they were only false premises in his evolution.

We have only to look back to the beasts of burden and follow the march of time to the aviation age to realize that the only staple thing is the Law itself which causes change, but in itself does not change.

Let us look forward and see what Time has behind the curtain waiting for the stage to be set. We see Adam and Eve again in the Garden of Eden in all their natural glory endowed with the Power of intelligence that masters all mundane influences. They are indeed monarchs, for they have learned to feed and clothe themselves through the law. They no longer Kill; they sow and they reap, but they do not infringe upon the rights of others. They exist through their own governing law. Theory and Philosophy are dead issues. Vision through revelation directs their activities. *They live and let live.*

Again we say, Philosophy and the Law are eternal enemies. Wars and inquisitions give mute testimony of this. Asylums and prisons are the products of Man's Philosophy. The Law creates and restores.

Time is the revelator of the Law.

Behind the Veil

By JEAN MOORE

MY DEAREST: A month has gone by since I last looked down into your face. That day I felt that if I but looked long enough I should surprise on your countenance that half smile which it always wore when you began to wake up.

They said to me, "Time will heal," and such platitudes, but time is NOT healing, my own. I must, I MUST see you and talk to you. You went so quickly; strong and well one day, dead the next. There were so many things to say! I wonder if I could have borne it better if you had been ill for a while, or whether death is a shock, come when it may.

You said to me once, "I'll love you always and wait for you there." Did you feel then, darling, that you might go first?

If I could only sleep! But always I have the feeling that you come into the room just as I begin to doze. I wake with a start and you are NOT there. But I say to myself: If I keep awake long enough he'll come. You never do and the long, dark night limps on.

But something has happened. One night I slept! A deep untroubled sleep. And you were with me. I could not see you but I felt you near. I heard no voice but I know what you were trying to say. I realized that you are—ARE happy, beloved. That you are waiting for me, that you love me still. I felt that my utter despair hurt you. If we could only tear away the veil. Death separates, but not widely. Beloved, I still have more faith. I haven't that dreadful feeling that I just missed you this time, Oh, my dearest. Come again. Bring me some word of your new life. Is it a life of endeavor, of work and progress? I want to know. Oh, to see you again, alive, palpitant, glowing, not white and cold, with closed eyes and waxy hands. For that I live!

This is a hard day for me to live through. It was OUR happiest day. Sunday—always we spent it together. Slept late, morning papers, toast and coffee, church, then the trip to the hills. If the Heavenly hills can be more beautiful than our earthly ones, they must be grand indeed. Today I went alone, and yet not alone, either. Your presence was so near. Why can I not see you, is my faith still too weak? I DO believe! The hills were gorgeous. The scrub oak leaves scarlet; trailing kinikinic was bleeding crimson berries. The wind came softly through the pines and above, the sky was so soft and blue and no limit to its upness—Heaven MUST be up!

Today I cleaned house. I polished my old mahogany desk until it glowed. We loved the soft luster of its wood. I made everything fresh and clean, fresh flowers, new covers, and then at my desk I looked up expecting to hear your voice say: "What is my girl writing now?" For a moment remembrance broke me. But suddenly you were there. So strong had been my longing to feel you hand on my shoulder, to see the light in your eyes, to press my cheek against yours and to hear you say: "My precious girl," that it brought you.

Are you trying to warn me of something, my dearest? Am I wrong in trying to call you back? Am I keeping you from greater heights and loftier flights by my grieving?

The hills are cold and barren now. The mountain slopes are white with snow. The twisted little bare branches of the oak seem to writhe as in pain. Such battles as they have fought with the wind! The wind does not sing that gay little song through the pines any more. Today it moaned, "He's gone, he's gone, gone, gone, gone. Alone, you're alone, alone, alone." It used to chant such a measure of content. I did not stay. The bitter cold pierced even my warmest clothes. I came back by Mountain View. The evergreen blanket on your grave was covered with the first snow. I stood there and as plainly as if voices spoke I heard: "He is not here, he is risen, open your eyes and see." It sounded like a rebuke. But my eyes are holden like those of the disciples so long ago. I was comforted though, dearest.

Today I talked to Miriam. I wonder if you have seen Raymond? You and he were so close on earth. Miriam is as desperate as I have been. I tried to tell her of my feeling that you are near. She was never "religious," you know.

She told me: "If this life is all, what a joke someone has played on humanity."

But I am afraid I can't go through this first Christmas without you. It is to take more courage than I have. If I had a son—one who looked like you—but they say sons are like the mother.

My dear, my dear—I've been so ill. But you know that, don't you? I thought I was coming to you. I felt the pull, but the pull of life was stronger, so there must be something for me to do here. Something important. Why could I not have come to you? That spirit saddens you, I feel. I'll go on. I shall finish my life, but I'm finding no joy in it. Oh, to feel again that glad rush of expectancy that I used to feel when I woke, remembering that I could reach out and touch your hand. Recalling that we were going to do this or that. Another glorious day! Too short to do all I wanted done. Now, I think, another dreary day; how can I get through its length easiest? And yet they stretch ahead of me—a long, long line of them, days to be lived through without you—I can't.

I couldn't, dearest. But as I lay in that stupor, again I felt you near. I knew the fever and delirum were gone. I was weak but conscious. There you were by my bed. I scarcely dared breathe, then I prayed to hear your voice, only this and I'll go on, I'll live for others, I'll spread the good news that death is only a dream and that life is eternal. I prayed, darling.

And I heard it, my own; felt your hand on my forehead, heard your tones: "How's my girl?"

I remember I thought, I don't have to answer. He knows what I'm thinking. I was looking up so intently as the nurse entered. I motioned her away. My voice, a mere thread of sound, begged her: "Leave us alone, my husband is here, give us a minute alone."

She left, for the doctor. But, darling, I SAW you. Not pale and cold, Radiant, warm and glowing, pulsating with life. The smile on your face warmed me. You stooped and I felt your lips on mine, but as I lifted weak, tired arms to clasp you, you began to vanish. "Not yet, sweetheart. You'll come to me one day. I live and am happy. Life is bigger and finer than ever it was on earth. Together we'll work when your work on earth is done—IF YOU CARRY ON.

I awoke with the feel of strong fingers on my pulse. I heard the nurse say to the doctor, "She'll do now. Was nearly gone, her pulse is getting stronger."

Miriam thinks I had a beautiful dream. The nurses and doctor think I was delirious. Mother says I had a vision, but I—I know. I saw you. You gave me courage to go on. I'm going to spend my days in making others happy. In spreading the glad tidings that there is no death, life goes on forever. Days will fly, won't they beloved? Only, only watch closely from behind the veil and when I come through, a victor, meet me and go with me into that new, strange world beyond the gate of death.

Transmutation

by RONA ELIZABETH WORKMAN

From the muck of a wayside pond a lily bulb
Drew the beauty for a perfect flower;
From the sordid trials of a lowly life, an Ego
Evolved the glory of a perfect Soul.

MAKE WAY FOR MAN!

By Morton Alexander

Reprint from HUMANITY

THERE is nothing the matter with America that Justice and Intelligence and Love cannot cure. And there is no evil condition that the absence of these may not induce. If our so-called men of affairs, our industrial and political leaders—if they cannot or will not grasp this fundamental Truth, then all their elaborate plans and programs for the nation's future may as well be cast into the fire.

DENY it, if we will, disguise it or not—the appalling truth remains that we are facing in America today the shocking tragedy of a DYING Civilization! Whoever will look about them with discerning eyes will see that our standards of living are going down—down!—and that the ideals of morality, honesty, truth and virtue are daily vanishing from the lives of millions of our citizens. So apparent is this condition that it has almost ceased to provoke comment. While millions of men, women, boys and girls poison their bodies and dwarf their brains with alcohol and nicotine, our prisons are overflowing, our insane asylums, orphanages and dependent homes are crowded beyond all limits of sanitation and decency—and ever the increasing tide of human derelicts flows higher.

This is not a pleasant or inspiring spectacle, and I take no pride in holding the picture up to public view—but the truth must be faced, the alarm must be sounded, if American civilization is to be salvaged.

The brutal competitive struggle, the organized system of Graft and Greed and Selfishness, which we have called "Business" in America, has poisoned the very blood-stream of our civilization, rotted the moral and intellectual fabric of our national life and left us stranded in the black morass of Economic chaos.

WHAT an unspeakable tragedy is this!—that in a world of unlimited possibilities and undreamed-of beauty—in THIS world—thousands of men and women are daily driven to crime, to prison, to insane asylums and to premature graves—because they cannot make a decent living honestly. You may see this conflict going on all around you, if you will but open your eyes and arouse your consciousness.

Upon the shoulders of every intelligent, thoughtful citizen rests the responsibility of building a new Social Order. The hour calls loudly for men of courage, heart and brain. The problems that confront America cannot be solved by bickering politicians, bridge parties, charity relief organizations, or the haw-haw programs of radio broadcasters. Nor will prisons nor policemen nor poison gas shield or protect us from the devastating convulsions of our dying social order.

If Civilization is to survive, the selfishness, cruelty, injustice, greed, foul spawn of a capitalist socity, MUST GO. The slogan o*f the conquering crusaders must be*: *Make way for Liberty! Make way for MAN!*

Reincarnation—For and Against

THE LONDONER'S DIARY

(Reprint from *The Two Worlds*)

REINCARNATION was debated at the Grotrian Hall, Wigmore Street, on Saturday last, when Capt. E. J. Langford Garstin, M.C., and Mr. James Leigh, remarked on this, and said it in friendly combat. Mrs. M. A. St. Clair Stobart occupied the chair.

In his opening speech the proposer (Capt. Garstin) put forward reincarnation as an explanation of the inequalities and sufferings of this life. His presentation was distinctly restrained. He adduced no evidence on behalf of his conviction other than its alleged consistency with reasoning and philosophy. He would adduce no proofs, as proofs could always be explained away. Indeed Capt. Garstin was so moderate in his argument that he gave his opponent practically nothing to bite at.

Mrs. Stobart, in introducing Mr. Leigh, remarked on this, and said it would be interesting to see how he proposed to keep the ball rolling.

Reincarnation and Spiritualism

The opposer, complimenting Capt. Garstin on his adroitness, seized the opportunity of turning the debate into an issue between reincarnation and Spiritualism. Since there was no evidence for reincarnation that could bear the light of day, he said, the only thing for Spiritualists to do was to see whether "this absurd and pernicious doctrine" squared with their own findings in a field of inquiry where philosophers were careful to adduce proofs for their theories.

As this is the aspect of the discussion which should most interest readers of *The Two Worlds*, we will deal with it fairly extensively.

A Primitive Fallacy

The theory of reincarnation, said Mr. Leigh, could be traced back to time of great antiquity, when our present knowledge of the universe was unknown. In those days it seemed that the earth was the center of the universe, the stars being put in the heavens to provide warmth and light for our puny world. The comparative insignificance of this world—in respect of position, size, age, and importance—had not then been realized. What more natural assumption, then, than that if man continued after death to enjoy any life worth the having, he must repeatedly return to the one plane where life was fully experienced!

The absurdity of this view was obvious nowadays, especially to Spiritualists, who knew well that this was a sphere which cribbed, cabined, and confined our spiritual natures. If reincarnation was put forward as a method of spiritual growth it was self-contradictory, for by far the greatest part of this life had necessarily to be devoted to routine affairs—the business of getting a living, to say nothing at all of the time spent in eating, drinking, and sleeping, and recreation.

At the heart of reincarnationist dogma was the subconscious conviction that this world was our home, but he (the speaker) believed that was a delusion. It was the spiritual world where man's true citizenship lay; and in that world of limitless opportunity there was provided all that was needful for the spiritual development of man.

When Spiritualists Came Back!

To show the absurdity of reincarnation from a Spiritualist point of view, it had to be brought down from the cloudy region of occultist philosophy into the realm of cold fact.

So they should not be surprised to learn that Dr. Anna Kingsford claimed to be the reincarnated spirit of the Virgin Mary! And Mr. Edward Maitland was none other than St. John the Divine (though in heavy disguise). Worse authentic examples could be given.

He (the speaker), continuing this imaginative line, anticipated that Mr. John Myers would be sent back in his next life to fulminate against the frauds of spirit-photography; Dr. Dingwall would probably be editing a Spiritualist newspaper, and thundering against the skepticism of the S.P.R.; while their esteemed chairman, Mrs. Stobart, might be found proclaiming the Four Square Gospel as the only means of salvation.

For it seemed, according to the pedigrees of those who remembered their past lives, that people usually came back to *undo* the work they did in their previous lives—to destroy all that they had previously labored to upbuild. Invariably their past lives were very distinguished ones, and he had hoped that while royalty were much in demand for the purpose of reincarnation, no one had yet claimed to be the distinguished person who murdered the little princes in the Tower. Evidently only *respectable* royalty come back!

Where Spiritualism Differs

F. W. H. Myers had called this business of recalling past lives "a game," but Mr. Leigh said he would qualify that by calling it a very *dangerous* game for Spiritualists to play. For if reincarnation was right, Spiritualism was wrong. Both could not be true.

Spiritualism insisted, as a basis of evidence, that human personality survived. Reincarnation, without evidence, insisted that we came back to earth again with a *different* personality.

Spiritualism stood for the immortality of the soul. Reincarnation claimed to support this too, but it utterly annihilated the personal element. Even now we were different personalities to what we were in our past life, and when we were reborn another time we would be changed yet again! What was the use in surviving if we survived as someone else?

Spiritualism stood for the truth of eternal progress. Reincarnation meant an entire abandonment of this principle, for it was forwarded on a basis of retrogression.

Finally, Spiritualism maintained that there would be reunion after death—we should meet and recognize our loved one "over there." But reincarnation meant that the sainted mother, whom you longed to meet again, might in the meantime have been reborn again as someone else's child, destined to learn again not only the alphabet of the language, but the alphabet of life.

In a word, reincarnation implied, said Mr. Leigh, a gross and wanton betrayal of the fundamental precepts upon which Spiritualism stands. Certainly, the farthest they could go in this matter, while retaining their critical faculties, was merely to maintain an open mind.

An Eloquent Summing-up

Capt. Garstin now showed his superior tactics as a debater, for, in his final speech, he used a great deal of ammunition up which he had kept in reserve. Now came the evidence, a remarkable story of a girl who recalled a previous incarnation. As described, the story seemed quite inexplicable on any other ground than reincarnation. Capt. Garstin drew a distinction between personality and individuality. Individuality, he said, was the surviving factor, and Spiritualists were wrong in contending otherwise.

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LA PIEDRA PINTADA

THE PAINTED ROCK OF CARRISA PLAINS

By STELLA FLOWERS HASTINGS

There is a liquid beauty,
In the rising of the sun;
There is a royal splendor
In the day that's just begun.
There is a healing blessing
In the mid-day's golden flow
And exquisite benedictions,
In the evening's golden glow.

THE Sphinx of Egypt is a most awe-inspiring sight. With an endurance that challenges time, it has stood for ages facing the rising sun. From time immemorial it has been a shrine—a devout monument of the Sun-worshipers who lived in the long forgotten ages.

On the opposite side of the world, on a high plateau in California lie the flowering Carrisa Plains, sixty-five miles in length and twelve miles wide. In the center of this flat expanse is an enormous hollow rock with an opening facing the rising sun, and tradition tells us it was once the temple of the Indians who worshiped the sun.

It was discovered by the early Spaniards of San Luis Obispo County and was named by them La Piedra Pintada —meaning the Painted Rock. At its entrance and scattered around its base are curious rocks with a round hole in the center, through which the worshipers—before entering the temple, must creep on their bellies, like the serpent, to symbolize their humility. The temple is an isolated rock, about one thousand feet in diameter at its base, and more than three thousand feet in circumference. On one side of the top is a flat space hollowed out and a cool spring of water is held in this basin, and it is said never to dry up. Old-timers have tried to find the source of this unique water supply but have never succeeded.

The entrance to this shrine is a narrow portal facing the rising sun which reaches a height of twenty feet. The amphitheatre hollowed from the rock is nearly three hundred feet in length and is fifty feet high. Carved from the rock is a choir-like structure resembling that of a cathedral.

About twelve feet from the floor of the temple is carved a gallery and above it are paintings executed in white, red and black. The strange imagery here depicted is like symbols on oriental rugs and tapestries—painted on a gray background of the stone. They stand out in life-like simplicity.

One picture represents a man with legs apart and with arms outstretched; he holds a blazing sun in one hand and seems to bestow a blessing on all who behold him. The sun is a universal symbol of Divine Light—of joy, peace, fertility—and is so recognized by all students of symbology throughout the world. The feathered serpent, the hooked-cross and the circle with the dot, are also painted there.

In the spring the temple is surrounded by miles and miles of waving grass. Baby-blue-eyes abound so thickly that the ground covered by them is like an azure lake in which cattle wade knee-deep. In the center of the Carrisa Plains there is a borax lake on whose surface delicate structures of alkaline crystals, when rocked and moved about by gentle winds, resemble phantom ships in a faery realm.

Some scientists believe that California is part of the Lost Continent of Lemuria. That the land now constituting the Carrisa Plains was once on the bottom of an ancient ocean cannot be doubted. For shells and bones of prehistoric marine life are found imbedded in the surrounding earth, noteworthy among which are the shells of prehistoric oysters nearly a foot in length. It is believed that this section of the continent was forced up when Lemuria sank. Along with the rest of the land, the Temple of *La Piedra Pintada* was once on the floor of an ocean. It was after the great upheaval that it became a shrine for sun-worshiping Indians.

The primitive tribes of Carrisa Plains worshiped the Sun as their God. To them it was the Giver of Life, heat, and health—the Sun God who came so mysteriously out of the East. The alchemy of this solar substance brought them food, erased the darkness, and, according to their belief, chased from their presence the evil spirits that infested the night. It bestirred the creative imagination and caused them to think. They followed that characteristic of the human mind which advances in knowledge, worships some power greater than itself and, in honor of which, temples are built.

On one of the walls is painted a "curse" whose malign influence is supposed to fall upon any outsider who attempts to dwell on the plains. It was placed there by the High Priest, Hago, dreamer of his tribe. Each year, at intervals of the full moon, a great convocation was held. Sometimes for days Hago, the High Priest, would remain in a dream-like trance, during which time he was said to have been in communion with the Great White Spirit. Upon awakening he would prophesy. It was known by him that the western coast of California would be invaded by white men, bearing a strange religion of which the cross was a symbol.

Runners, trained from childhood, would exchange messages between Carrisa Plains and Mexico. The young men who carried these communications seemed never to tire, as though incapable of fatigue.

The the late Myron Angel was told a most inspiring legend of the last Indian who inhabited Carrisa Plains. It is from his book and the reminiscences of David Romero, the last of the Romeros of San Luis Obispo County, that I have derived the material for the stories which follow.

At one time a tribal priest, the Dreamer Hajguani, of the old religion of which the Feathered Serpent was a symbol, went into his dream-like trance. When he awoke the multitudes bowed before him. The great pipe was borne to him. First he blew smoke to the Rising Sun. Then he blew smoke to the South, to the West, and to the North—blessing each of the four quarters as he did so. He was the greatest and the wisest, for in his sleep he talked with God. He was so hailed because his subjects felt closer to the Deity for the magnificence of the Revelations which he brought them. His rule was blessed with peace, happiness, fruitfulness, and abundance. When the High Priest Hajguani passed on to the Happy Hunting Ground Hago became the official Dreamer of his tribe.

Hago was different entirely from the compassionate Hajguani. He would die for his own faith, but for those who disagreed with him he had no mercy. Seriat, the daughter of Hago, was the most learned and beautiful maiden of the tribe. She was looked upon as being endowed with superhuman gifts and was held sacred by her people. She believed her father communed with the Great White Spirit and that he was worthy of the high office he held. Educated to be a Priestess, she obeyed without question all her father's commands.

At this time in their history runners brought messages from Mexico of repeated and terrible atrocities committed by invaders. Were the people of Carrisa Plains to be struck down next and driven from their homes? Such thoughts haunted them day and night. For such reasons Hago called a great convocation.

Meditating long on the subject, he had worked himself into a frenzy. Upon awakening out of a deep sleep he stepped from behind a curtain in the gallery and addressed the worshipers in impassioned eloquence. He related his vision of the landing of the Spaniards. He told of their white-winged

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Practical Lessons in Vocational Guidance from the Hand

By ALICE DENTON JENNINGS

Alice Denton Jennings

(Author's Note — In these talks the word "child" is being used throughout, meaning, of course, young children of both sexes, as well as men and women who may be dissatisfied with their present vocation in life. The use of the term is merely for convenience and to prevent verbiage.)

PUBLIC opinion has been focussed so much of late on finger tip identification that it may be of interest to devote this month's article on "Practical Palmistry" to the subject of the finger tips of the hand. I wrote an article some time ago for the Occult Digest in which I stated that while in the course of a lifetime the lines of the palm may change, the exquisitely fine patterns on the finger tips never change, hence their value for identification.

The American Medical Journal of May 4th, 1935, carried an article written by J. Edgar Hoover, Director Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., in which he states: "A postmortem examination of the body of John Dillinger disclosed that efforts had been made to alter the pattern appearing on the bulbs of his fingers and that operations had been performed on his face in an effort to obscure his identity. That the effort to alter his facial appearance had proved unsuccessful was demonstrated when special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, United States Department of Justice, recognized him instantly and brought his career to a close on encountering armed resistance from him at Chicago on July 22, 1934. That the attempt to mutilate his fingerprints was equally unsuccessful was shown by the fact that the bureau's fingerprint experts found 300 characteristics remaining in these patterns whereby Dillinger's identity could be conclusively established. The attempts of Dillinger and other fugitives to change their fingerprints were occasioned by the knowledge that as long as telltale patterns remained on the tips of their fingers they could not hope to avoid the consequences of prior acts merely by adopting new aliases and changing their base of operation.

"They realized that, no matter where they fled, the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation would pursue them. How potent a force these files are may be judged by the fact that they contain almost five million fingerprint records contributed by approximately eight thousand police agencies. An average of 2800 fingerprint cards are added daily, almost half being of individuals shown by the records to have had a previous criminal history.

"As a result of the increased use of fingerprint identification in the last decade, fugitives who in an earlier era, after arrest on suspicion, might have been released because of the inability of the authorities to establish their true identity are now held and turned over to the jurisdiction where they are wanted. Obviously, if some method could be devised whereby criminals could frustrate fingerprint evidence, they would subscribe to it eagerly."

Finger tip identification has been adopted by every police department in the world. The army and navy take impressions so that there shall be means of identifying members of the service. The system is also used in civil service and business, wherever it is necessary to positively identify the individual. Banks take the finger tip impressions of illiterates, thus preventing the withdrawal of funds by imposters who may come into possession of passbooks. More than a thousand years ago the thumb tip was used as a legal seal in Japan. A little wax was attached to the bottom of an important document, in which the parties and witnesses pressed their thumbs, as a means of guaranteeing their signatures. It is believed that the custom originated in China before the Japanese adopted it. The custom is kept up to this day.

Sir William Herschel, the great mathematician and astronomer, made researches in finger printing which enabled the science of identification by finger printing to be founded. Sir Herschel demonstrated that the fingerprints of adults were marked in exactly the same manner as the prints of the same individuals when they were children, and that this unvarying condition continued through old age.

It has been proven that the design which exists on the finger tips of the unborn child in its six-months stage in the mother's womb, remains practically unaltered, not only at birth, but from the cradle to the grave. Everything else about the individual may change with development into maturity and old age, but the finger tips never change.

This system of identification consists in noting the length and geometrical curves of the papillary lines and comparing points carefully, each with the other. There are from 27 to 55 points of comparison, in the forms of little islands, confluences and crossings in the mass of little lines, grouped as "arches," "loops" and "whorls."

As an example of the infallibility of finger print identification may be cited a case on record where the body of a suicide had been buried after positive identification of supposed friends of the decedent. Later the individual supposed dead reappeared. The body of the suicide was exhumed and notwithstanding the period of interment, finger prints were taken by an expert and sent to police bureaus of finger print records. A few days later, reports were received positively identifying the suicide. It had been a startling case of mistaken identity. Many equally surprising tests have been made of the infallibility of this method of positive identity.

Finger print identification plays a most important part in detecting criminals. The hands and fingers leave traces on everything they touch, owing to fatty and acid substances poured through their surface by means of sweat glands. The modern criminal will use rubber finger tips to shield himself against detection, but this is not always successful, as more often than not he is betrayed by the unprotected part of the palm coming in contact with the object, if for but the fraction of a second.

The finger tips of no two persons have ever been found to be alike. They vary in some degree. This is what makes finger tip identification the most certain of all means of establishing personal identity.

Some scientists claim that criminals and degenerates present a special type of papillary arrangement. If this is true, and a criminal is such by reason of heredity, his responsibility towards society should be much lessened. This is a mooted question, which has not yet been established scientifically. Other scientists claim that there is great similarity in the designs of human hands and those of monkeys, the claim being made that the details of the lines in the hands of monkeys show a fan shaped space occupied by straight papillary lines, running lengthwise of the fingers. This design, though uncommon by comparison among humans, is frequently found in the hands of defectives and degenerates.

For a successful application of finger print analysis, care should be taken that nothing should be touched or dis-

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The Poets' Page

Buccaneer
by MARGARET NICKERSON MARTIN

If I had spirit
Of the buccaneer
Instead of this mouse
In my breast,
I'd wrest from the world
All my heart's desire
And reckon the cost
In my stride.
I'd stand on the crest
Of the highest hill
And shout at the stars
In their course.
I'd taste the wine
Of every land,
Search every fair face
For my love.
Then I'd set my sail
For unknown shores —
In gale and dark . . . hail
Eternity!

The Sacrifice
by LILA L. SCHULTZ

The Sacrifice? Not within the judgment hall
Nor yet upon the tree near old Jerusalem —
Was the Master's Sacrifice.
The creed's have blinded mankind's eyes
To truth and fact.
The Master's crucifixion was not sacrifice
But liberation.
This is the Sacrifice.
To break away from the parent-substance
The LIGHT, the WARMTH, the ECSTACY—
And take the plunge into the world of three dimensions
And become submerged in the hard shell of earthly selfishness.
To struggle and suffer and wallow
In the slime of earth vibrations
Until our very sufferings
Causes the shell to soften—
And through it we glimpse the LIGHT of AGES
Shining down into our prison.

Lifting up our mental hands
We break the shell and come out and up.
Back into the PARENT-SUBSTANCE,
The WARMTH, the ECSTACY.
The Crucifixion SACRIFICE? NAY!
It was LIBERATION!
Gladly He left His prison when He cried
IT IS FINISHED!

Jerrine
by GEORGIA MACSENTRE STAMPER

She is not dead, she has but gone, our darling,
Beyond this earthly plane to higher spheres,
To scenes of life transcendent of earth's beauty,
Our loss shall be her gain through eternal years.

A flower she is, with fresh dew on her eyelids,
A song of gentle mirth on rosy lips. . .
The touch of healing love in dainty fingers—
Sweetness, like honey, from her laughter drips.

She was not meant to linger with us longer,
Jerrine, a flower of sweetness and of light.
Think not of her in grief and doubt and sadness;
She now, as then, is radiant with delight.

And though in selfish human limitation
Her loss we mourn in loneliness and pain,
We know, through God, the kind and gracious giver,
Triumphant, we shall meet with her again.

Rest, fairest one, and sleep a little while;
Isles of new life beckon your early waking.
An angel chorus waits to guide you home;
A glorious dawn in Heaven for you is breaking.

Rest, that we may recount your many virtues,
Your gentle voice, your laughter-loving ways
That shall ring on in Heaven with the angels,
In God's eternal home, through endless days.

We would not hold you, nor delay your passing
To beauteous gardens, rivers, meadows green;
To God's own loving care we will consign you;
And so, good night, our own, most-loved Jerrine.

The Returning
by MILLICENT EASTER

If the dead can come again,
You, I know, will come to me!
If you're happy now as then—
Come again and let me see
Sapphire lights within your eyes—
Eyes as blue as heaven's own skies.

If the dead can come to earth,
You, I know, will come to me
When the Spring is at its birth
And sweet blossoms deck each tree—
Or when Winter's snowy breath
Brings each blossom cruel death.

If the dead can come again,
You, I know, will saunter in
Without saying why or when—
Quietly—when the lights are dim—
But I'll know that you are there—
Standing close beside my chair.

A Prayer of Life
by R. O. WARREN

Please, Lord, hear my earnest prayer,
Shut my eyes to petty care,
Give me the sight and sense to see
The glory of the things that be.

The beauty of the setting sun
Which blesses the hour that day is done,
The magic of the winter's snow
That hides the Autumn leaves that blow.

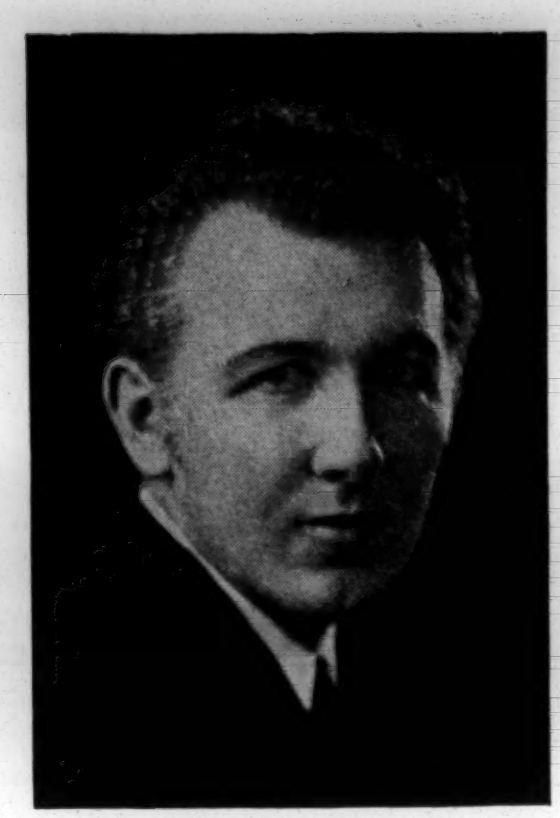
Teach me to thrill at the thought of life,
To worship everything that grows,
To love—to do—to dare.

Oh, that I may live from day to day,
Touched so gently by common strife,
That I may never fail to see
The virtues of a simple life.

Open my eyes that I may behold
The rapture in a mother's face
When baby from its tiny crib
Stirs to meet a fond embrace.

Awaken in me the mind to share
The courage of the noble few
Who humbly tread the narrow path
Of high duty to pursue.

Keep my wandering pathway free
To walk by the side of man,
To find in him that brotherhood
Which serves no creed nor clan.



Haasan Osiris

Bringing Your Stars to You Astrologically With Your Personal Daily Guide

By HAASAN OSIRIS

Author of "Astrological Birth-Control, the Nation's Greatest Asset," "Astrology and Surgery"

WORLD OUTLOOK
JUNE, 1936

THE month of June is marked as important because of the significant influences of the eclipse of the Sun on the 19th of this month, which occurs in the 27th degree of the airy, mutable, positive, intellectual, humane, bi-corporeal zodiacal sign of Gemini, which is ruled by the brilliant Mercury. This occurrence in the heavens is accompanied by several bad aspects with Mars and the fixed stars and constellations bringing to bear many terrible as well as astonishing developments in the current history of the earth.

The United States of America is due for some severe tests as to its moral strength in the face of many threats from foreign nations. The war department will be wise to investigate thoroughly before acting and going slow with international meddling.

The Post Office department experiences some confusion, criticism, loss and reorganization or censorship and investigation. Mails will be interrupted at various points, stolen at other points, lost in some places and accidentally destroyed in others.

Governmental officials are faced with severe criticism and unthinking remarks or casual acts will be misinterpreted and rebound upon them with great fury.

Great fires of undetermined origin devastate many places and large buildings into waste and chaos. Other buildings will apparently for no reason fall to the ground, killing thousands unless ordinances are passed to exclude people living in old buildings over the nation.

Stock Market conditions boom, prices rise phenomenally and speculation will run the keyboard of human emotions. Some talk of legislation in regard to speculation, games of chance and lotteries comes to the front.

Terrific heat waves cover the East and Middle West. Drouth conditions prevail in some localities and snow and unusual weather conditions in other places.

A great crime commands public attention. Many accidents in travel and traffic are denoted. Death will take its tolls in many ways. There will be numerous suicides.

Business improves, trade increases, values reinstate themselves. A mining or scientific discovery stimulates migration, travel and business. Catastrophes of nature bring fright to hundreds of people. Threatening and devastating electrical storms occur.

Governmental treaties between nations will be scrapped in some instances. War clouds hover over the earth to the East and to the West of us. Some nation is seriously transgressed and will rise up in arms to protect itself, foregoing all efforts of other nations to stop it.

Pestilences pervade the earth, children will be victims in most cases. Great slaughter of human beings in some corner of the world takes place.

There is nothing to become alarmed about at this panorama of fireworks; let each man keep his equilibrium and not become excited over reports and rumors. It is best to go on one's way quietly and seemingly unaffected by what is going on round-about the world.

JUNE, 1936
For the Zodiacal Signs

ARIES

(For those born between Mar. 21-April 19)

The month brings you in Aries a chance to get out from under the mental depression you have experienced recently. New opportunities occur to realize your ambitions and plans. The month offers profitable or at least pleasant travel. New friendships from distant places benefit you.

TAURUS

(For those born between April 20-May 20)

June shows a hankering for new things. You may feel a bit unsettled and may try to force a change which would be disastrous; rest with the tide and be content with your present lot in life. Toward the end of the month conditions improve considerably. Prevent accidents on adverse days.

GEMINI

(For those born between May 21-June 21)

First half of the month is pleasant and inclines to some gifts and new chances to promote your interests in work, business or organization. Last half of the month inclines to ailments, minor sickness, hurts and accidents that can be prevented by care and caution. Watch Daily Guide.

CANCER

(For those born between June 22-July 22)

Inclines to some delays in carrying out your plans. Maintain peace of mind and guard your temper. Avoid nervous exhaustion and worry over trifles. Best to postpone traveling or signing of important papers and agreements. Guard against loss by theft through your own carelessness.

(Continued on page 25)

Personal Astrological Daily Guide

Gallery of Letters With Their Meaning

G: Capital G means a very good day. Ask favors, seek work, sign papers, promote your affairs, take trips, advertise, make friends, investigate, attend to everything of importance. Go places and do things.

g: Small g means a slightly good day. On these days attend to usual routine, make offers, entertain company, visit, write letters, send telegrams, take short trips, improve your personal affairs. Buy things, sell and invest.

A: Capital A means an adverse day. On these days use care and caution in all dealings, avoid accidents, losses, thefts, and guard your health. Also be careful of misunderstandings and engage in no arguments. Take no risks or chances.

a: Small a means a slightly adverse day. On these days attend only to necessary duties, strive to keep cheerful, avoid hurts and wounds, make haste slowly and seek dependable advice before acting. Avoid domestic inharmony.

D: Capital D means a doubtful day. Quite likely on these days several alternate good and adverse influences prevail and you should be discreet in all activities. Do not take too much for granted—don't be too sure. Postpone things.

N: Capital N means a Neutral day. On this day the influences are equally balanced, therefore it is not a very important day. Go about your usual affairs with usual prudence and it will be a successful but uneventful day.

C: Capital C means a Critical day. On these days you should be unusually careful and cautious in everything. Be sure to avoid accidents, sudden losses, explosions, falls, hurts, cuts and bruises. Undertake NOTHING important.

F: Forenoon of this day is good, but the afternoon is adverse; therefore the A.M. should be considered as G and the P.M. as A.

P: Afternoon is good but the forenoon is adverse. Therefore the day should be considered as A in A.M. and G in P.M.

E: This letter will be used in combination with other letters and pertains to the Evening of any day when the Evening influences differ from the influences of the rest of the day. A letter E added to any day means the evening is good for romance, pleasure seeking, amusements, visiting, short trips and general recreations.

V: This letter will also be used in combination with other letters when the evening hours differ from the rest of the day. The letter V added to any day means the evening is adverse for risks or ventures and it is best to remain at home and engage only in quiet recreations with friends or family.

JUNE, 1936

For those whose birthdays occur between:	Mar. 21—Apr. 19	Apr. 20—May 20	May 21—June 21	June 22—July 22	July 23—Aug. 22	Aug. 23—Sept. 22	Sept. 23—Oct. 22	Oct. 23—Nov. 21	Nov. 22—Dec. 21	Dec. 22—Jan. 19	Jan. 20—Feb. 19	Feb. 20—Mar. 20
Date	Ari.	Tau.	Gem.	Can.	Leo.	Vir.	Lib.	Sco.	Sag.	Cap.	Aqu.	Pis.
1	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	A
2	A	g	a	g	A	G	a	g	A	g	a	G
3	aE	gV	aE	gV	AE	GV	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE	gV
4	g	a	G	A	g	a	G	A	g	a	G	A
5	g	a	G	A	g	a	G	a	G	a	g	a
6	N	g	a	g	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	g
7	N	g	a	g	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	g
8	D	gV	N	gV	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE	g
9	G	a	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	A
10	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	a	G	a	g	a
11	A	g	a	g	A	g	a	G	A	g	a	g
12	a	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	a	g
13	g	N	G	a	g	a	G	a	G	a	G	a
14	g	D	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	a
15	F	g	D	g	a	g	a	P	a	g	a	g
16	P	g	N	g	a	g	a	N	a	g	a	g
17	G	g	g	a	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	a
18	G	g	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	a
19	A	g	a	g	A	g	a	g	A	g	a	g
20	A	g	a	g	A	g	a	g	A	g	a	g
21	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE	gV
22	G	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a
23	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	A	g	a	g	a
24	N	g	N	G	a	g	D	g	a	g	a	g
25	D	g	D	g	a	g	N	g	a	g	a	g
26	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a
27	G	g	g	g	G	g	g	g	G	g	g	g
28	gV	gV	gV	gE	gV	gE	gV	gE	gV	gE	gV	gE
29	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	A	g	a	g
30	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	A	g	a	g

DIRECTIONS: First find the column which includes your birthday, then look down that column of letters until you come to the date of the month you wish (given at the left). After securing the key-letter for that date refer to the Gallery of Letters to find out the indications for that day. When more than one letter is given for any day look up both letters for that day and govern yourself accordingly.

This is a Daily Guide for each Zodiacal Sign for the present month.

Remember that when a day is marked G it is good for most all progressive things, even though they might not be mentioned in the paragraph. Remember that a day marked A is adverse for most all progressive things, even though they are not mentioned in the paragraph.

TREMENDO

By J. JOHN

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UNHAPPINESS, misfortune, failure, the loss of money and friends are the greatest good fortune that could happen in the life of man, could he but understand it. The innate and hitherto unused and unsuspected power of man is called out by failure and misfortune. His originality, his courage, his tenacity is developed only by meeting misfortune and failure. A life of ease, of financial security, free from worry and hardship is no test of character. It takes friction to do that; it takes trouble and worry; the loss of fortune and friends; the loss of health and happiness. Anyone can continue courageously through life when all is serene and the going is good, but it takes a real man to fight when the going is rough and seemingly hopeless. That is the real test of character and strength.

And so, when poverty comes, that is not the time to sit down like a coward and quit; that is the time to keep moving courageously and persistently. If one plan fails, try another, and another and still another, but do not quit. You are not whipped no matter how often you are beaten, until you lie down spinelessly and quit. Nature abhors the cowardly, the cringing and beaten quitter, the weakling who refused to try again because he had failed once or a dozen times or a thousand times.

It is silly fear that destroys confidence in men and paralyzes their effort. Self-confidence summons courage and banishes fear. Fear has been your greatest enemy. Fear of misfortune, fear of poverty, fear of punishment. You feel that your loss of fortune and friends and peace of mind might be your punishment for some misdeed. No one is punished for his ignorance or rewarded for his wisdom. Ignorance is its own punishment just as wisdom is its own reward. If success came to you it was because your wisdom made you ready for it; because you availed yourself of the opportunities for success. Your success then, your reward is your wisdom. If failure and unhappiness—punishment—are yours, it was because you were ready to receive them.

To the man of courage, the loss of fortune and friends means a gain in strength and character. His reverses serve only to test his originality and courage. He is not too proud to work at small and menial tasks if he can find nothing else to do; he is, in fact, thankful for anything he can find however lowly it may be. He recognizes the little tasks as opportunities to improve his fortune and he takes advantage of them quickly and happily. If scrubbing floors is the only opportunity presented, thankfully and energetically and courageously, he scrubs floors, and takes with the act of scrubbing a long step back up the trail of financial security.

The jobless bank cashier whose dignity will not permit him to scrub floors when that is the only opportunity offered at the moment, is ignorant in spite of his apparent wisdom, and this ignorance and false dignity prevents the offering of other and greater opportunities. He indignantly refuses to work at anything less dignified than banking. Scrubbing floors horrifies him even when it represents several meals for himself and his family. The loss of his fortune and position was a test of his character, a test which he failed to meet when he indignantly spurned the mop. He preferred to spend his time and effort mourning the loss of his money. His true, innermost desire was for failure, and failure was what he got. Having lost his position at the adding machine, he scorned the mop when the acceptance and use thereof would have started him anew toward the adding machine. Having once been at the top, he refuses to begin again at the bottom even when there is nothing else for him to do. He will have to drink of the dregs before he can qualify to climb again.

Work is the best possible antidote for unhappiness and failure. If you have made a failure of your life and there is nothing in your particular field for you to do, then wash dishes or scrub floors—anything to keep in motion. Idleness will only accentuate your misfortune. Said the old philosopher: "The firefly only shines when on the wing; so it is with the mind when once we rest, we darken."

The reason for misfortune and trials and failures is to give you a chance to prove the mettle of which you are made. Their presence in your life does not mean that you cannot have success and happiness. You can have happiness; you can have success; they are for you if you learn to cooperate with the laws of nature in bringing them to you.

This is a world with an unlimited capacity for joy. The whole world wants joy, should have joy. Nothing is so rejuvenating to a life of misfortune as a spark of happiness or a single ray of hope. Joy is the soul's vital air. Grief is hay fever of the soul. Where happiness comes in, inharmony and pessimism go out even if the sole occupation is scrubbing floors. Begin at once to bring back the belated joy to your life. Shun those influences that deplete; welcome those that conserve. Avoid the grumbler and the growler as you would a snake. Avoid the pessimist and the prophet of despair as you would the yellow fever. Grief, despondency, doubt, growling and grumbling never won a victory. Grief and despondency drink up the red blood; doubt enfeebles the will; growling and grumbling paralyze effort. And so, to the rubbish heap with all of them. Cultivate them no longer. Cultivate whosoever laughs and smiles, grasps the hand with energy and scatters sunshine athwart your path. Cultivate those things that inspire confidence and courage and spread confusion in the ranks of the doubters. Cultivate whatever helps you to believe in yourself, and shun as you would a dose of carbolic acid whatever demeans and belittles you. Carry in your heart good cheer; gentleness and encouragement in your voice; let your tread be firm and unhurried and cowards and doubters will disperse before you as the fog before the sun.

You will remember your failures, your misfortunes, your trials as trifles once you have risen above them to happiness and success. But do not overlook the importance of those trifles which came to test your originality, your courage, your tenacity—your character.

During the completion of a statue in the studio of Michael Angelo, a friend called to see the sculptor, tarried a while and left. After remaining away for several hours the friend called again. After gazing for some time on the statue, he exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last!" "By no means," replied the sculptor. "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; a hundred little things have I done." His friend replied impatiently, "Yes, yes, but all these things are trifles." To which the great sculptor made answer: "It may be so, but trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle."

Mr. Gilbert, the author of the serial beginning on this page, attended Miami University, leaving college in 1917 to don the uniform of the U. S. Army. Since college and war days, he has wandered over a big portion of the world, paying his way writing feature stories and taking a job on a newspaper when funds got too low. He wrote "Tremendous Trifles" wherever he happened to

US TRIFLES

N GILBERT

unlimber his portable: in railway stations, trans-continental smokers, hotel rooms and mountain shacks; and sometimes he wasn't sure where he was going to get the dime for his next hamburger sandwich.

You will be interested in following his thoughts in these pages, and possibly write in your opinions thereon.

And so, your misfortunes, your financial reverses, your sorrows, your trials, your depressions are the trifles that are putting the polish and the finishing touches of strength and courage, originality and tenacity in your character, making it smooth and perfect and ready for greater things to come. *Tremendous Trifles* are they, cutting and grinding with kind cruelty at the rough and jagged edges of your character, wearing away the defects that stand between you and perfection.

If you are a man of courage and strength and persistence; if you are worthy of even a small amount of happiness, you will rise above these tremendous trifles to deserving success, otherwise, the fate of the coward awaits you. Which is it to be?

Controlling Ideas

What are your controlling ideas? Whatever they might be, you are compelled by them to a life of health, happiness and success or ill-health, unhappiness and failure. The idea is after all, the man. It is this controlling power that fashions men and nations. The wealth and luxury of Corinth; the magnificent temples of Antioch; the famous tapestries of Laodicea; Smyrna's imposing monuments; the far-famed horses of Cyrene; all owe their existence to the controlling ideas in the minds of men.

In accordance with your controlling idea you mount to victory or fall to defeat. Shakespeare, Dante, Emerson will live forever because of the deathless ideas back of them. Tennyson on his deathbed asked for a copy of Shakespeare that he might commune with the ideas of that mighty soul who had preceded him. Every action of man is guided by the idea that controls.

The French Dauphin, Charles VII, forged to victory over the invading British only because the idea which controlled him compelled him to action which meant victory. But, with the power of government in his hands, Charles conceived the fantastic idea that his retainers were trying to poison him; he refused to eat or drink, and finally starved himself to death in his own palace surrounded by loyal and sorrowing friends. The controlling idea which had taken him to victory took him also to defeat and death.

The idea which controls you will make you or destroy you. Zeno the Stoic hung himself because his finger ached. The controlling Stoic idea advocated suicide as the means of escaping pain. Lord Robert Clive, whose brilliance brought into being the British Empire in India, took his own life. Hipparchus it was who discovered that the positions of places might be ascertained in the same manner that positions of heavenly bodies were determined, and with this discovery elevated geography to a position of interest and importance; yet Hipparchus starved himself to death because he had grown tired of living. Hannibal, the Carthaginian, honored by history as one of the world's greatest generals, invaded Italy and was successful in his conquests because his controlling idea was one of success; yet Hannibal in the midst of his power and glory took poison which ended his life. His last controlling idea had destroyed him.

The strong character is a creative and redemptive force. The strong character is a resurrecting, reforming and renewing power; he brings life out of death because his controlling idea is one of life, *not* death. Such was the character of Lincoln, whose controlling idea compelled him to give sympathy and tolerance even to undeserving enemies.

Health, happiness, a life of success come into being at the insistence of the controlling idea. The eternal principle of freedom in which resides the possibility of a life of happiness and success, insists that the individual choose his own controlling idea by the light of his own reason and will. If you are living a life in which constant unhappiness and failure are manifest, it is because you have deliberately chosen the controlling idea of failure and unhappiness and allowed them to dominate you.

Your freedom of choice in establishing the controlling idea which is to take you to the highest pinnacle of success and happiness or to the lowest depths of failure and misery, is an actual principle of Divine equality governing existence. This equality rules that obstacles are necessary to growth, that the overriding and solving thereof brings to the individual a sense of equilibrium and establishes in him a great and forceful center of creative power. Failure to override or solve the difficulty brings, of course, the opposite condition of unstable equilibrium and defeat. The choice of meeting the obstacle and overcoming it, or of lazily ignoring it, is up to the individual; and upon this choice depends the controlling idea which is to dominate the future of the individual with success or failure, happiness or misery.

The mental attitude, the controlling idea, is everything. An individual sitting by the bank of a river, apparently idling away his time, may be working out mighty problems and perfecting certain plans that will alter the course of a nation's destiny. That was Emerson's way. Or, the individual by the river's bank may be one of those who believes *that things just happen* regardless of what he may or may not do, and so he prefers to do nothing and then complains when his reward is nothing.

Things do not happen; they are brought about. The individual who fails does so because he is controlled by the idea that failure must be his; he is willing to sit down and wait by the river's bank for opportunities that never come. The happy and successful individual is he who meets the obstacles presented him, and undertakes courageously the first simple task nearest him. The undertaking of simple tasks is the first step toward the undertaking of greater things.

When Garfield was a boy, he had an intense desire to accomplish something in life, but he didn't sit down by the river's bank and wait for his great opportunity to come along; he made his own opportunities. The task nearest his hand for him to accomplish was driving mules to a canal boat, and this task he undertook willingly and cheerfully but his mind was on greater things. At the lock where the water came in to lift the boat, the boy, Garfield, stood watching the yellow flood one day and wondering at the mystery of life. He felt deep within his boyish heart that there was something which the mighty governor of all the universes had planned for him to do and with the thought his hopes and ambitions ran high. The mighty idea made him a better and more careful and more ambitious driver of canal boat mules even while his mind was ever on the greater and more difficult things in store for him.

That moment at the canal locks was a great one in Garfield's existence, for

(Continued on page 24)

A "Dead" Girl Writes a Letter

Reprint from Psychic News
London, March 14, 1936

THIS is a story of spirit return which defies all the usual "explanations," such as telepathy or the subconscious mind, put forward by critics to dispose of spirit communications. Letter by letter, an unknown spirit dictated a long communication to her relatives, who, when the facts were communicated to them, confirmed every detail given at the seance.

The chief figures in this story are Mr. and Mrs. Eggert P. Briem, who are well known in their native Iceland. Mrs. Briem is a natural psychic. She has seen spirits as long as she can remember. She hears them as naturally as she hears people talking in this world.

At a sitting some time ago they tried an experiment, having as one of the sitters the editor of a well known Icelandic newspaper. They sat with a combination of a planchette and ouija board, so arranged that the medium could not see which letters were being indicated.

In addition, the letters were very close together, so that it required expert operation to indicate the exact letter required.

Shortly after the seance began, Mrs. Briem saw many spirits in the room, but was attracted to a girl who had previously brought herself within the range of her vision. On a previous occasion when she had seen this spirit, the "dead" girl had asked whether she could write through her.

Mrs. Briem described this spirit, saying that she was tall, and about 22 years of age. She had recently passed on and she had difficulty in manifesting. In addition, the medium heard clairaudiently the girl's name, Sigga. This name did not convey a great deal, as "Sigga" is as common a name in Iceland as Jane or Mary is in England.

Then they tried the experiment at the planchette-ouija board, the medium placing one hand on the planchette part, which moves within grooves. The editor sat opposite, the letters facing his way, while the husband recorded the letters as the newspaper man dictated them.

By this means of communication they obtained a remarkable letter from the spirit Sigga.

"Dear Mother, Father, my sister and brothers," it started. "I am so often with you. You do not see me, but I know what is going on at home. I am pleased that my sister Imba has taken over my work at the Young Peoples Institute.

"I am glad that she enjoyed her trip to Thingvellir. You must try to cheer her up, because of her foot. She must not be sad because she cannot dance."

Then the spirit gave a message to her brother and sister, saying, "Dear Brynjolfur and Imba, you must try to put the Young Peoples Institute right. The members should not drink, at least at their meetings, and you must make the meetings as open as possible."

Then, addressing her parents again, she expressed regret that she could not help them as much as she would like, but explained that she was assisting somebody named Kristrun, who was with her.

"She sends her love to you and the family," continued the letter. "I must stop this letter now, but I look forward to receiving you when the time comes."

Then she signed her name as "Sigga Dagsdottir." In Iceland, children derive their surnames from the names of their parents, so the name indicated that she was "the daughter of Dagur."

In between the spelling out of the letters which took nearly two hours, the medium was receiving clairvoyance and clairaudience, and was thus able to give additional details.

Almost at the beginning of the seance the medium heard the spirit say "Stjarneyg," which, translated, means "Starry Eyes."

The medium also heard the message that the "dead" girl wanted her love sent to "Thomas, the merchant." When the writing started Mrs. Briem saw the spirit wearing a brown frock, but later she showed herself in a green dress, which she said she had mended shortly before her passing.

The name "Stjarneyg" puzzled the sitters, as they could not understand its application. But the "dead" girl replied that her parents would understand.

In the middle of the letter, it was explained to the spirit that her message could not be delivered unless the address of her parents was given.

The sitters were rather afraid that, if they waited until the end, the power would have gone and the essential link in the chain—the address—would not be there. The girl insisted on going on with her message without giving the address.

When she had finished her communication, she was asked once again for the address and she gave an abbreviated version of it, one, however, that is very common in Iceland. So they told her it would be insufficient and pressed for the full address.

Then she gave her mother's Christian name, which is an unusual one, *and the full postal address of the farm at which they lived.*

The next day, Mrs. Briem recalled an unusual fact about this spirit girl, namely that one of her eyes had on the iris a brown spot. The medium could not remember which eye it was.

At the Census Office

The medium's husband remembered that there was a farm of the name given about fifty miles away from Reykjavik, where they were sitting, but, in order to find out whether a woman of the name given lived there he went to the census office.

There he discovered that the names mentioned by the spirit were correct according to the last census. So he decided to send the letter to the parents by hand through a friend, with a covering letter explaining how it was all received.

Through the same intermediary he received the parents' reply *in which they verified every fact that was mentioned by the spirit.*

Sigga was their eldest daughter, who passed on a few months previously. Brynjolfur and Imba were her brother and sister. Imba was lame, following an attack of meningitis. A few weeks before she had made the trip the spirit mentioned.

Imba had taken over her "dead" sister's position as librarian to the Young Peoples Institute, at which there had recently been some trouble because some of the members had taken to drinking, a habit which was contrary to the rules of the Institute.

Evidence of the Dresses

The "dead" girl's references to her frocks were understood by her parents, who specially remembered that she had repaired a green silk dress of which she was very proud.

The parents were particularly delighted at the reference to the brown spot in the "dead" girl's eye, as this was a distinctive feature which identi-

(*Continued on page 22*)

The Song of Life
by AGNES BEYER

Sweet is the song of life, a perfect blending
Of joy and sadness, laughter and of tears.
Beginningless its chorus and unending,
One with the future and the yester years.

Death joins the symphony, its chords are sorrow;
The song grows faint beneath the reaper's knife.
And yet the voice we loved shall sing tomorrow,
For death is but the reservoir of life.

Elbert Benjamine

The Snake Which Had Too Many Heads

By ELBERT BENJAMINE

President of the Church of Light

THE people whom we meet from day to day, not less than those with whom we make a casual acquaintance, leave us with a distinct impression of their characters. Certain points of strength stand out, and certain points of weakness. Even those we most admire not infrequently have special traits that lessen their personal attractiveness.

We all have met the perennially apologetic individual, I am sure. The one who has ability sufficient for accomplishment, but who is fearful to make the attempt. When called upon to take some small responsibility he shrinks from it, makes it plain that, although he will do his best, he feels himself unqualified. Our psychologists have a label for this complaint. They call it an inferiority complex.

Closely akin to him, although quite the opposite in his expression, is the boastful individual. His pleasantest pastime consists in telling people how great he is; what wonders he can do. He is always the hero of his own stories. Whatever he does, be it really great or small, the part he has had to play is given undue prominence in the telling. Because inside himself he feels inadequate he ever thus presents to others a false front in the effort to impress them with his own superiority. But psychologists say this attitude also is in reality the expression of an inferiority complex.

A third type of person we all know —in fact, we can not completely avoid him—actually believes himself of quite superior stuff to other individuals. He is ever eager to appear before the public, but when he does, as the current sporting expression goes, he plays to the grandstand rather than to assist his associates in their teamwork. He strives for the plaudits of the multitude rather than seeking satisfaction in more obscure but worthy service. The psychologist says such an individual is afflicted with a superiority complex.

Other traits of character there are also, perhaps hundreds of them that derive from these main stems, branching out as ugly heads to mar the symmetry of action. Yet it were an unprofitable thing to draw attention to these defects which in greater or less degree we find so common, were it not that in olden times they apparently were so well understood and the only remedy so far discovered is set forth quite clearly in the story of the constellated Hydra.

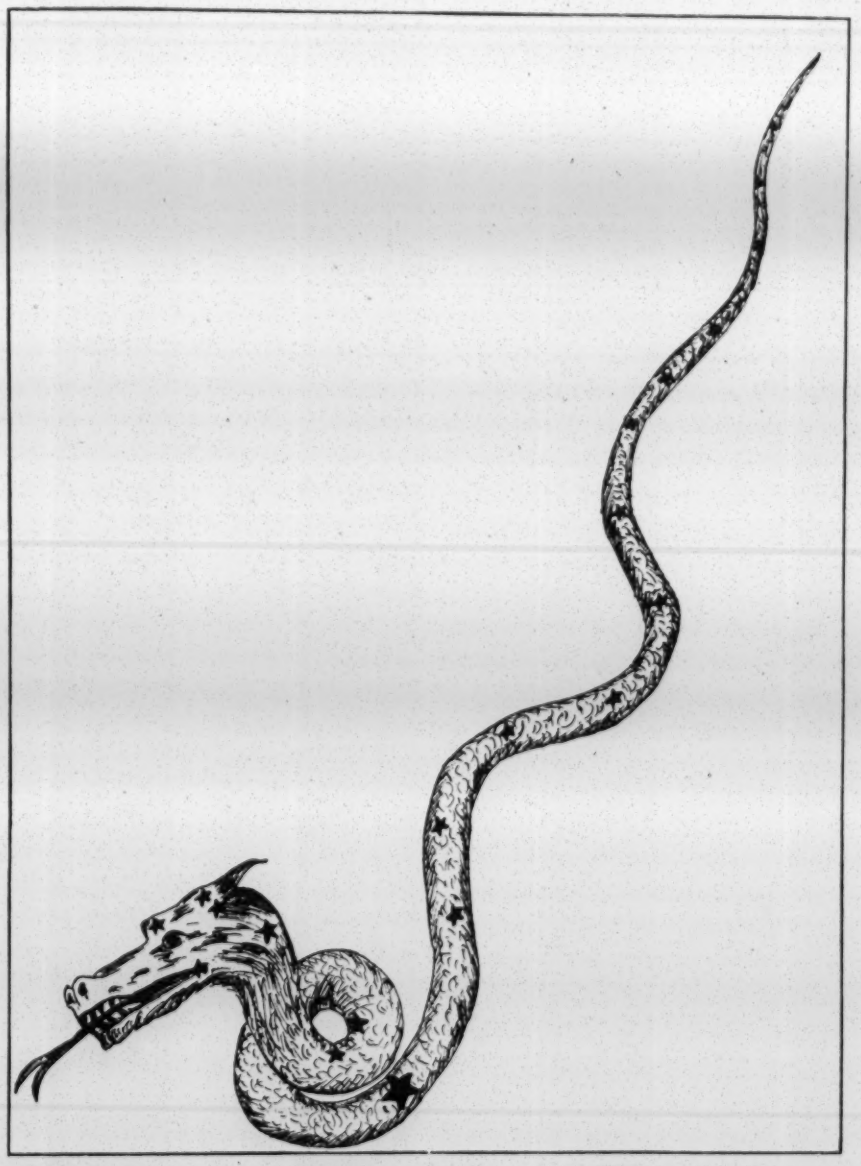
Serpents are universal symbols of desire, as must be apparent from the account of the Garden of Eden and from the use of one conventionalized as the astronomical symbol for Leo which in a natural chart rules love affairs. Hydra, however, is a special kind of serpent. It is not the one which tempted Eve nor is it one which would be found in a garden. It is a serpent of the sea.

Like those of popular account which as reported are often longer than an ocean liner, this sea serpent is of vast extent. It is longer, by far than any other constellation; for it represents a quality in the life of man which embraces and influences more of his activities than any other single trend. Back through the sky it reaches from the section representing the home, underneath the several constellations which picture companionship of various different kinds.

There are, it is true, in warmer parts of the world snakes that live in the sea. Yet they are all so far as naturalists know, small or of medium size. In geologic ages huge reptiles scourged the briny deep. But nothing has been discovered in the way of physical remains to indicate that monster water snakes such as the one pictured in the sky really inhabit the ocean at the present day.

Every now and then, however, even as the Hydra's head when severed grew

(*Continued on page 29*)



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T.W.K., Wash., D.C.—Your signature is perfect. It is identical with your birth-path. You are refined, artistic and have literary talent. You enjoy travel and new experiences; would be a good salesman if you were not so generous.

B.G., Pa.—You have distinct literary and artistic or musical talent. Your signature, B—— G——, is better than your full name. You better develop some of these talents.

C.E.P., Ill.—Sign your name C—— E. P——. You have executive ability and a pleasant, kindly disposition.

A.H.S., Ill.—Your signature is all right and your birth-path gives you artistic talent. You are very extreme, restless, extravagant and unsettled.

M.McA., Md.—You are artistic, dramatic, restless; but your signature is all right.

F.T., Mass.—Your birth-date indicates that you are independent, have plenty of enthusiasm and will have many new beginnings in your life.

M.B., Ill.—You are very artistic, a world traveler, fond of change; capable of meeting the public in an artistic capacity. This year will bring you a new beginning.

E.M.B., Cal.—You are deeply interested in religious and occult subjects and have the literary ability to write along these lines.

A.R.R., Calif.—Your signature is all right. You have a happy, bright disposition, easy-come-easy-go with friends and finances. You are artistic.

C.N., Ill.—Your name is good and the August girl is more in harmony with you.

M.E.B., Ohio—Your full name is all right. Do not abbreviate it. You are very careful and neat, can handle details, and should train yourself for a teacher or librarian.

J.A.M., Md.—Use the two initials. You are versatile, love change, new experiences and travel. You would make a good salesman for you are analytical, ambitious and persistent.

L.J., N.D.—Your name says you are executive and your birth-path says you should deal in clothes, foods, etc., so although they are not exactly in harmony I do not advise any change. If you had a middle initial, J. or S., you might use it.

R.O.W., Pa.—Your full name is excellent and shows that you are a scientific salesman. Use it on your next letterhead. Your signature denotes mastery, although it is not in harmony with your birth-date. However, you cannot afford to change it since you are established in business.

Vocational Guidance — (*Continued from page 12*)

turbed until the arrival of the finger print expert.

Articles with smooth surfaces, especially glass or polished metal are almost certain to retain impressions and in the case of the successful application of finger tip analysis to the detection of crime, if others are allowed to touch or examine evidence, such finger tips will most certainly become mixed with those of the criminal, thus defeating the ends of justice.

Quoting from an article written by Martin Mooney in the New York American in 1935, he says, "Director Hoover advocates laws which would make it compulsory for every worker employed by local, county or state governments to be finger printed before being appointed to a position where they receive the taxpayer's money. The chief speaks straight from the shoulder when he says: 'There would be plenty of shouting against such laws if they were ever introduced. A crook can always yell louder than a thousand honest men.' He wants every man, woman and child eventually to record their finger prints in the non-criminal or citizens' section of the identification unit of his bureau. Next month forty thousand Boy Scouts who visit Washington will record their finger prints. One of the greatest satisfactions for the chief and for the identification unit of the G-Men is to receive more and more prints to include in their citizens' file. They feel that they are thus doing another one of their jobs—that of protecting all honest men and women."

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

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B.A.J., Wash.—Does not look very successful at present but do not get discouraged.

A.A.B., Tex.—Calm your fears; no immediate dangers. Fear creates its counterpart—trouble.

G.A.R., Mo.—Will not be given back unless compelled to do so.

C.B.M., Ohio—Opportunity will come and everything will be better.

E.C.B., Calif.—Not soon but when you do it will be permanent.

L.O.K., N.Y.—Not indicated before fall. Unavoidable delay is the cause.

L.J., N.Dak.—Very good.

W.D., Calif.—Before the early fall things will be very much better for you. 1937 is the beginning of your new year.

A.E.S., Mich.—Keep an eye to your interests at all times but do not be too critical.

D.J.R., Ill.—No need to worry about affairs. Future insured.

E.F.F., Colo.—Hatred caused by jealousy and brooding over ailments which your birth caused. The sense of Peace comes from the understanding which has come to her.

K.G., N.Y.—Not indicated for this year.

I.S., N.Car.—Opportunity where you are will come that will satisfy your longing for change.

M.M., Colo.—You will make three changes of importance before the event happens. Date not indicated.

B.W., Mich.—Success comes to you where you are. Do not complain. Wait.

J.O.C., Calif. — Not before three months, then there seems to be some small interference which will be overcome with satisfaction afterward.

A.R.T., Tex.—We are sorry you did not recognize the landmarks when you came to them. Now look ahead. Each thing that makes it possible for you to go forward is fulfilling to you. Remember that only when you do your part, can any good come to you. Had you followed instructions to overcome, you would have mastered.

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DEATH

By JAMES NEILL NORTHE

THE only unbeautiful thing about death is its neglect: that is, the lack of consideration that reaches a peak at the time that the actuality occurs, when these who are left are conscious of the many little things left undone, the thoughtless words and the tactless actions. Grief is the only alternative, for in that way is emotion spent, and emotions are necessary to living. After this comes the drama of flowers and words and still more words when the shock gradually emerges into a more easily handled diplomacy—not however for the one gone on, but for those left to gather up the threads and tie them neatly but surely into a living knot.

We cannot build any more safely or surely on death today than we did yesterday, but we can build better roads to that end, better steps to climb rather than descend, and when the life thread snaps the stairway will hold and our steps will resound from a foundation of the minute emotions based upon delicacy and tenderness, happiness and contentment, supreme in the sunshine of words well spoken, deeds well adapted and heroism flaming in its aura of preparedness and magnificence emanating from the beauty of the past, and not merely resting upon the kindness of the future.

Is the Death Sentence Logical?

Three children have been orphaned by the courts—and a frightened woman executed for the murder of their father . . . and we call this civilization. Possibly the only worthy instincts the woman possessed were for those three children, the only love she knew came from those same children. Crime fades to significance in the light of snuffing out the life of an individual, and our standards crumble to dust when we take the spark of living away from a human body.

The stigma of this execution is branded upon those of you who are careless of your words, careless of your time and careless of your duty to humanity. The words you have forgotten to speak, the words you have said too quickly, and the words of condemnation will follow you to your grave.

The cause of kindness is always in the minority at such a time, yet smugly advertised by the masses every Sunday through pulpit, radio and print. Take this as a warning: to those who have given of praise for a death, so shall you know the censure of living. The reform must be built upon the life and not the death of an individual, and your own lives are the first to place upon a solid foundation. The greatest curse that may be offered is that of living a number of years that death might have robed in peace.

HERE IS SOMETHING TO REMEMBER!

That an ad which runs consecutively through the year brings you twelve issues of The Occult Digest, a magazine of great helpfulness to the entire reading family.

Remember that the world has awakened and will not go to sleep again in your time—The Occult Digest instructs, entertains and while the Scientists have been looking through a peep-hole the laymen have torn down the barriers of Superstition and Ignorance and are enjoying the blessings of an *Enlightened* world through the established fact that *"There are no dead."* They have torn the veil asunder and are face to face with those they love, although our opponents pronounce them *Evil Spirits*.

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Your Handwriting Analyzed *By Knute O. Holm*

A.B., Ohio—A desire for the cultural and the finer things in life shows in your script. You are very cautious and are holding yourself down. This is unconscious, yet it checks your ambitious nature. It prevents you from making the most of your abilities.

J.V.M., Md.—That you are very reserved and also introspective shows in your writing. People do not know the real "you" because you live too much within yourself. The reason for this is that you are inclined to be timid. Relax and give your friendliness a chance. Life is empty without friends.

J.W., Pa.—An optimistic nature is disclosed in the condition of the base line. This is a very good trait as it eases the mind and gives the future a brighter hue. However, there is evidence which proves there are times when you take some matters too much for granted.

K.E.S., Miss.—There is no reason why you should not succeed in the line you mention. You have talent for it. Just build up your determination and stick to it. As it is there are times when you give up too quickly.

A.S., Ill.—The even flow of your writing proves that you are of a very kindly nature. An active sense of humor also adds to your personality. You are easy to get along with. You are decisive in your ways of thinking and will not permit anyone to impose their ideas upon you. Talents and ability show in your script.

D.D., N.Y.—A very reserved nature causes a strong repression of your feelings. It is responsible for your emotional composure. Yet at heart you are very sympathetic. Artistic, decorative, dancing and musical ability all show in your script. You can succeed in one of these fields. Or in some line where you can use a combination of these talents. Kindergarten work to mention one.

B.H.T., Ala.—There is no doubt but what you want to make friends. The strokes in the writing prove this. The trouble is you are hiding your real friendliness under a cloak of aloofness. People feel that you are a bit too cool and distant. You can overcome this by trying to meet others halfway. Go a little further than that if necessary.

V.D.J., Me.—Your writing shows that you are both self-centered and suspicious. You will have to overcome these negative traits if you are to be a real success. They are a detriment to you in many ways.

M.McA., Md.—Diplomacy is an outstanding trait in your personality. In fact it is an individual characteristic. It proves you have a well developed ability for handling people and situations requiring tact. There are some traits you should watch out for.

G.E.B., Ohio—A mind that is very logical in its process of thinking shows in the "m." You think matters over very carefully before forming a conclusion. This carefulness is so strong that it influences your whole nature and everything you do. There are some traits you should try to eliminate.

A "Dead" Girl Speaks — (*Continued from page 18*)

fied their daughter. Kristrun who was mentioned was the "dead" girl's school teacher, who had made her home with the family for some years.

The "Starry Eyes" reference was also highly evidential, as this was the nickname given by the school teacher to the "dead" girl's sister, a fact which they had quite forgotten.

"Thomas the Merchant" was well known to them, as he was the owner of a nearby shop, who had also lived at the farm.

"Everything mentioned in the letter and described by the medium is correct," wrote the parents. They even went so far as to say that the expressions used in their daughter's communication were characteristic of her.

The parents were particularly overjoyed because their "dead" daughter's letter arrived on the day they were celebrating their silver wedding, and, as they said, it was the best present they had received that day!

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E.H., Calif.—I suggest that you take up the dancing profession.

L.D.W., Pa.—The year brings you better health, favorable opportunities for work and increase in income. You worry about yourself too much.

G.C.S., Mich—You are sacrificing too much for your parent; I believe your husband is justified in his feelings. Let the family make their own way in the world for a while.

M.F., Ind.—I think you had better wait a while to marry. Whoever heard of dawn bursting upon us: it comes slowly—don't get discouraged yet.

E.M.W., Wash. — Restaurant and hotel or apartment house management mostly. Also management of small stores, practical nursing, etc.

C.M.E., N.C.—Richmond, Va., Nashville, Tenn., Lexington, Ky., Cincinnati, O., are favorable to your chart.

E.L.W., Kans.—Yes, but not until later in the summer. The early fall shows much improvement in finances if you take advantage of opportunities.

B.H., Ohio—Last half of May or first half of June is best time. Not another favorable time for that change until October.

J.O.C., Calif.—There is a delay on account of some technicality in your test. June may bring an encouraging report. Late September should also bring something good from that source.

M.McA., Md.—Yes, it would be advisable if he is born in the sign of Virgo.

J.M.P., Calif. — Your venture in Texas should be a huge success at that time. Do not attempt it before then.

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SPIRITUALISM'S CHALLENGE—by Dr. Edwin F. Bowers. Published by The National Library Press, New York, N. Y. *Spiritualism's Challenge* covers a vast field of thought, opens the eyes of the sleeper and changes the mind of the doubter. If "seeing is believing," the reading of these pages will be thought provoking and will create the eternal question and call forth the answer—THE DEAD DO LIVE. Spiritualists everywhere will enthuse over this book in which a daring and militant Spiritualist says for them the very things they would so often like to say for themselves under the badgering of stupidity and prejudice. Cloth—294 pages.....$2.00

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Tremendous Trifles — (*Continued from page 17*)

it witnessed the birth of the gigantic and controlling idea in his young life. He often mentioned that moment to his friends in later years. After receiving the nomination for the presidency whereby his fame had spread to the four corners of the world, he made a special trip back to that canal where he had labored and prepared himself for the presidency as a boy, clambering through the undergrowth and trees down the steep bank, he gazed on the crumbling locks and thanked God for the great idea which had come to the lowly driver of mules so many years before.

Of all the great and happy and successful moments that came to Garfield in the future, none were greater or happier or more significant than that magnetic and gigantic, though apparently idle, moment there by the canal locks. There he learned in a single and illuminating moment that Nature's ideas are infallible and unchangeable; that no individual in her grand scheme is given precedence over another; that his chances of mounting high to fame and fortune were as great as any son of a king could have, for, stripped by Nature of all unnatural covering who could tell the difference between the prince and the mule driver"

Through all the years that followed, through sickness and grief and heartaches, James A. Garfield followed with courage and determination the path he saw clearly outlined that day beside the canal locks. He aspired and yearned and longed for greater things than driving mules to a canal boat, and with the aspiration and yearning and longing he graduated from the mule-driving class. From that moment he was a winner, destined for the highest honors the world has to offer. His controlling idea, born of reason and will, took him up and on.

What You Will to Do

The will of man is the most powerful force in the world. Look all about you, the effects of this tremendous power is visible in great bridges, mighty steamships, and buildings that tower majestically above the clouds. This mystic force is not just physical; it is power which began before man with the causeless cause of the universe. It is the Divine spark which inhabits the human shell, the exercise thereof bringing to the individual power of the Divine. The first manifestation of this power was the creation of the universe, the earth, the world of matter. What more evidence of the power of will would you have than this creation of which you and I are important parts? This mystic force which created all we see, simply by willing, has been included in every human and as such represents the individualized God-power of man which gives to him at his insistence everything that he desires.

It is this power that rules the minds of men and continents. To this power all other powers are subjected. It is the will which restrains you and holds you to your task until you catch a glimmering of the success you seek; it is the will that makes of the vision, the reality. This power in the mind of Pliny resulted in the completion of an almost impossible task. From two thousand volumes, Pliny wrote a natural history in twenty-seven books in which he treated 20,000 matters of importance. A stupendous effort of will was required to launch and carry through successfully such a prodigious and heart-rending task.

A firm belief that you can do a thing and the determination to do it is the history of every accomplishment worthy of the name. This explains Pliny. If you fail when you try, it is because you did not believe you could do it in the first place. Had you believed it with sufficient firmness and worked with knowledge that you were not striving at something too far above you, you had succeeded in the thing you set out to do. The power that holds you steadfastly to the job you set out to do, enduring unfair criticism bravely and silently, meeting obstacles courteously and courageously while refusing to recognize failure as defeat—that power is will. That is the individualized God-power of man. It was the exercise of this power that elevated Keats from his lowly position as the son of a livery stable keeper to the renowned authorship of "Hyperion," one of the loveliest works of the English language. It was the exercise of this power that transplanted Kant, the son of a Scottish saddler, to the leadership of the world's philosophical thought. The power is in every man, but he is required to exercise the power if he is to attain the success and happiness he seeks. Your legs have been given you to carry you from place to place. If you sit down and expect to get somewhere without effort, without using the legs which have been given you for the purpose, you will never move again. So it is with the will. Its use will bring you the things you want and need; failure to use it will bring you nothing. And so, after all, you get what you want the most. If you are too lazy to exercise your legs to move across the room where great reward awaits you, then you really do not want to get across the room after all. If you are too slothful to exercise the will in working out a desire, you really do not have the desire; thus, you get the thing you want the most. If you are failing then to achieve, you are in reality getting the thing that lies nearest your heart, whether or not you believe it.

When the British Empire was faced with the necessity of taking from the French the almost impregnable stronghold of Quebec, they began looking for

(*Continued on page 27*)

Bringing Your Stars to You — (*Continued from page 14*)

LEO
(For those born between
July 23-Aug. 22)

June inclines to favors from officials or those high up. Sudden gains and increases come to you through recognition of past efforts. Tends to some restlessness that you must conquer. First half of month favors travel and changes, but last half of month is unfavorable for these two things.

VIRGO
(For those born between
Aug. 23-Sept. 22)

Things may happen with the suddenness that confuses you; consider all of the changes offered carefully, but forge ahead. News of sickness. Offers of trips and good news from a distance. A month of great accomplishments if you temper your actions with judgment instead of acting upon emotions.

LIBRA
(For those born between
Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

Romance, adventure, gains, favors, travel and recognition are elements which accompany you through this eventful month. Psychic experiences and hunches should be carefully investigated. Gains and increases come from unexpected sources. The month inclines to some unusual prosperous conditions.

SCORPIO
(For those born between
Oct. 23-Nov. 21)

At last you come into some progressive conditions. Your prospects for better health, success and realization of your plans improve with the age of the month. Sudden offers and opportunities for self-improvement come out of the blue sky. The month is generous with blessings to you in Scorpio.

SAGITTARIUS
(For those born between
Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

It is urgent that you watch your health and finances carefully now. Undertake nothing that you cannot handle by yourself as you will receive very little outside aid. Guard the health. Prevent accidents. Take no risks or unnecessary chances. Conquer a tendency to become melancholic. Cheer up.

CAPRICORN
(For those born between
Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

Business conditions look good, but most all personal affairs become confusing and unsettled. Conquer emotional strains and practice economy in money affairs. Avoid the company of scandalmongers or gossipers. Shun all rumors reaching your ears now. Postpone travel until August.

AQUARIUS
(For those born between
Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

A restful month for you in Aquarius. This is a very good time to take a journey. If possible get your vacation now and relax completely. Favors from friends will be numerous. Money conditions and health are normal. Your attention seems to be strongly attracted to home life here.

PISCES
(For those born between
Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

The month denotes sudden changes, conquest over past failures, gains and increases. You will be boosted by a friend or associate some way. Travel is highly favorable and likely profitable. Good news from a distance. A month of new opportunities and culmination of past plans to your liking.

Mind and Matter — (*Continued from page 5*)

clothed, while passing through its cycle, rhythm or rate of vibration as it is so commonly called by the physicists. Some function naturally, some unnaturally but all function while passing through the earth vibration, physically and mentally whether man, beast, bird, reptile, ant, bee, butterfly or just an egg that lies centuries before it unfolds its outer garments to the vision of man. Man cannot comprehend the butterfly as being endowed by the same general law that endowed himself with equipment; if he could he would cease to set himself up as Lord of creation.

To comprehend man's status after the death of the physical body one must entirely separate the two, for Life is not dependent upon the functions of the physical body while passing through the stages of physical possession or gestation. Everywhere, Life is only dependent on the physical body for an individualized period of expression. If man would free himself from the worn out creedal garments of the past and logically reason Life, there would awaken within him an understanding or a quickening of spirit which would place him on a sure, positive, demonstrated footing concerning Life in its entirety. It would be revealed to him without reservation the standard of all Life and its relation to all other Life functioning in the earth vibration or the earth evolution. At another time we will follow this up, clarifying why and how the different souls passing through the death birth evolve from their misunderstanding and misconception of Life —why some are freed souls and some are not. There are no evil spirits; they are poor, misguided souls, bound and throttled by their lack of understanding of the governing Laws.

Do You Say

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Dat'a* for *Day'ta
Kew'pon* for *Coo'pon
Bowe'kay* for *Boo-kay'

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La Piedra Pintada — (*Continued from page 11*)

ships floating like great swans on the blue waters of the lagunas. He told of their cannon with a voice like that of the thunder, and described their banners emblazoned with a cross that symbolized a message of peace. On a reverse side of a standard he beheld a flaming fire in which a human victim, writhing in agony, was being consumed. He saw soldiers putting to death those who refused to submit to the invaders. And the High Priest, Hago, with arms raised, prayed:

"O, sad fate of Mexico! Great Spirit, we invoke Thee to save us from such a fate. O, grant us a Messenger to our people, more powerful than my words, to bring our supplications unto Thee."

The tribesmen, under the Dreamer Hago, had been influenced to take up, on great occasions, the Sacrifice of the Blood offering. A stone altar was erected. For at this time, when threatened with invasion, no sacrifice to save the people could be too great. At least this was the belief of Hago. When Hago called for a messenger to the Great Spirit, the beautiful Seriat, his daughter, stepped upon the altar. The most beloved of the Indian maidens offered up her spirit as a messenger to the Great White Father. Loud protests went up against such a sacrifice. Heretofore sheep had always been the offering. A big mountain sheep, the finest that could be found, was brought in. But Seriat did not move aside to make a place for it on the altar. Instead she waved her hand to calm the excited worshipers. In a firm, melodious voice she made her invocation to the Most High:

"We bow to Thee, Great Spirit, Ruler of all. We, Thy children, worship Thee, Oh, Mighty One! Aid Thou my people! Turn aside the invader who would destroy us. Oh, Father of All, let him not come hither. My people send a messenger to Thee, permit my humble spirit to come unto Thy presence. Let not the spirit of my great personal love offend Thee. Let the sacrifice of my body appeal to Thee. Let my spirit be their messenger, bearing our prayers to Thee. As the bow and arrow are broken at the grave of the warrior so they may be used in Thy Happy Hunting Ground, so let my body be broken that my spirit may fly unto Thee. As the jewels of the maiden are broken at the tomb so their spirits may adorn her hereafter, let my spirit be freed of all that would bind it here. Let it speed as a messenger unto Thee."

Seriat then turned to the High Priest, her father, asking that the sacrifice be made. There was frenzy in the crowd. It was with fanatic adoration that Hago welcomed the idea of such a sacrifice. His exultation knew no bounds. The tumult of the worshipers grew more riotous. They demanded an animal, as was the custom, be offered up. But Hago crowned himself with flowers and chanting a prayer, advanced toward his daughter, who leaned forward to receive the flint-dagger which he thrust into her heart. The beautiful maiden quivered and lay bleeding at his feet. The body was burned and the ashes of Seriat were preserved in the temple. With the blood offering of the loveliest maiden of the tribe, the convocation ended.

The sacrifice of one so dear to the tribe-people culminated in a growing revulsion toward Hago, the Dreamer. He struggled to retain his power. In an effort to satisfy himself and the other members of the tribe, he called another convocation. He spent several days in the dream-state; and when he awoke he told the assembly that the spirit of Seriat had visited him, that the invaders would come, and that, bringing a new religion, the soldiers would enslave them and the sad fate of Mexico would be theirs.

He invoked a curse against all who should wrongfully come into the region of the Carrisa Plains, that such should not prosper there, and that the land would become dry and the water disappear. (It is now a hot, dry country with little vegetation save during the spring. There are still those who believe that this condition is a result of Hago's curse.)

Hajguani, preceding him, had ordered blessings and the history of the tribe be painted on rock. The three colors of these paintings have been mentioned before. They were symbolic of the following: the red signified power, the black humility, the white charity and love. But Hago, who came after Hajguani, had curses painted on the grey stone of the temple. From Hago's time on these picturesque Redmen, who worshiped the sun, began to rapidly decline. It was as though the Great Spirit protected them no more. The curse which Hago intended for others seemed to have reacted against himself and tribesmen.

The following story is told by David Romero, the last of the Romeros in San Luis Obispo County, as he related it to me.

"Juan Romero, my father, was very kind to old Joaquin Del Monte, the last of the Carrisa Plains Indians, and also one of the last three Indians in San Luis Obispo County. He practically made his home on our ranch when I was a boy. He was an enormous man with a giant head and long coarse white hair that hung about him like a horse's mane. I have heard him relate the legends of the Carrisa Plains many times. The stones of which you speak were not only used in religious rites, but also to punish bad Indians. According to old Joaquin, much gold was brought from Mexico during the invasion of Cortez. Whenever he saw the polished brass buttons of my father's coat (he mistook them for gold) and would say, 'Me knows where there is heaps of gold!' When my father would ask him where it was he placed his

(*Continued on page 28*)

Tremendous Trifles — (*Continued from page 24*)

a general whom they thought would be most liable to succeed in the hazardous attempt. They called in the oldest campaigner their armies offered, a seasoned and grizzled veteran of many European wars. "General," they asked him, "will you take Quebec?"

"I don't know, sirs," the old general replied. "Quebec is a most difficult—"

"You may go, general," they told him. "We can't use you." The next in rank was then called in and the question was asked him: "General, will you take Quebec?"

"Well, I can't tell you," this officer began. "I—"

"We can't use you," he was interrupted. "You are excused."

In quick succession all the great leaders of the mighty armies of the British Empire were called in and the same question put to each: "Will you take Quebec?" and to that question every general answered in a vague and hesitant and undecided manner, and to every officer so answering the order was, "We can't use you. You may go."

Finally, the youngest and least experienced officer on the list was called in. "General Wolfe," they told him, "Quebec is a most hazardous and difficult job to tackle. Our best military leaders, men on whom we thought we could depend, have refused the job. It means death and dishonor to fail. Will you go and take Quebec?"

Instantly and unhesitatingly the young officer replied, "I *will* do it or die."

General Wolfe got the dangerous mission. He went and stormed Quebec; he took it, but he died in the attempt. It was his mighty will to do the job that all others feared, which sustained him and compelled him to go on to victory in the face of certain death. To such a will death must indeed be a feeble and insignificant institution. General Wolfe refused to recognize the word "impossible," that had terrified older and more experienced generals than himself. No one exerting this power will recognize the word. Napoleon said it was found only in the dictionary of fools. It is the exercise of this power that will work out for you a life of happiness and satisfaction. The lack of it, the refusal to exercise it makes pigmies out of giants; the active presence of it makes giants of pigmies.

You can get somewhere, but you must want to get there first.

"Defeat—A Coward's Disease"

Defeat is a mental disease. It is an affliction which begins in the mind of the individual and finally manifests itself in his physical being in acts of like nature. It can start nowhere but in the mental, imaginative realm. Realizing that defeat is mental should make the d e f e a t e d individual heartily ashamed. He has allowed himself to think of defeat, he has by his every action affirmed defeat, until actually he is living it. By his destructive mind force he has divided his mind against itself, and, like a boat which was being pulled two ways by opposing tugs, he has floundered around meeting final disaster. He has simply pulled himself apart by his thought and then wondered who was to blame for his life of emptiness. The white flag of defeat was raised over his head, but his enemies never did it; enemies have nothing to do with raising the flag of defeat; he himself, his own worst enemy, hoisted the flag and surrendered.

The man, who, even in failure refuses to say, "I can't," will never know defeat. Failure itself is the finest experience any brave and progressive soul can know. Failure gives to the courageous man just one more important reason for trying again. Failure is the acid test of persistent courage; it is the test of the man's will. To the man who rises quickly after each failure, the failing is but the act of stepping further up the ladder toward glorious victory. For those who refuse to admit failure the ultimate victory is assured. Continued failure and final defeat are only for individuals who think in those terms. Leonardo Da Vinci, because of his illegitimate birth, met conditions which would have overwhelmed the ordinary man, and turned defeat into certain victory. The individual himself establishes victory or failure. It all depends on the manner in which it is handled by the mind.

The story is told of a young football player whose blind father loved the game and attended every one he could, just to sit in the stand and hear the crowd cheering his son. The last game of the season approached, and on the day it was played the football player's blind father suddenly died. That afternoon the vast crowd that assembled to see the last game was amazed at the brilliance of the player whose father had died that morning. Later he was questioned about it.

"Well, you see," he answered with a tear in his eye, "dad has been to many games in which I played and has never seen me play. Today I figured that it was the first time he had ever seen me playing the game he loved so well, and I just wanted to give him the best I had in me."

That was the attitude of victory.

Defeat is only good thoughts turned to bad account. Turn them the other way and see what happens. The opposite of failure is bound by its very nature to be success. If after every failure one more effort were made, and if it were considered that this effort would be the one which was to save the day from defeat, it would lose its significance forever. Always after you have experienced failure, refuse to believe

(*Continued on page 30*)

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Reincarnation

(*Continued from page 10*)

Mr. Leigh had instanced the reincarnationist mediums of Allen Kardec, all of whom he had said were mesmeric subjects echoing the views of their strongly opinioned experimenter. But mediums other than Kardec's subjects had since endorsed reincarnation, and the number of "spirit-controls" who favored it was growing rapidly. He had no hesitation in assuming that all thinking people would conclude that there was a very high probability favoring reincarnation as the only intelligent theory of the many apparent inconsistencies of this life.

The warm applause which was given both speakers indicated the fairly even distribution of opinion among those attending the debate. But the most distinctive achievement of the evening fell to neither of the speakers. It was the chairman, Mrs. Stobart, a very keen reincarnationist, who excelled herself. With an evident effort she managed to control her own ever-pressing desire to expound her personal feelings, and presided over the meeting with exemplary fairness!

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La Piedra Pintada — (*Continued from page 26*)

fingers to his lips and said, 'Lips no tell!'

"Some 'gringos' kidnaped him, filled him with 'fire-water' and persuaded him to take them up the mountain where the gold was supposed to be hidden. They got him so drunk he sat down on a log and said, 'Near here.' They beat him; and, tieing him to a tree, they switched him with brambles—only to be met with silence. They dipped him into a river and then hung him up by the neck, thinking it would make him talk. After each ordeal he placed his fingers to his lips and said, 'Lips no tell!'

"When he was released he came to our house, the marks of the rope still on his neck and his body covered with scars and welts. As a result of the terrific torture, he died at our place. He is buried in the old Spanish Mission Cemetery at San Luis Obispo. Before his death my father again asked him where the gold was buried, but old Joaquin was true to his vow: 'Lips no tell! Promise! Curse!'

"Buried with him is the secret of where the gold is hidden, as well as many legends of Carrisa Plains, of Painted Rock, and the Indians who worshiped the sun there."

Majestic in grandeur, silence, and solitude stands this shrine to the Sun God—a temple, which has become a corral where twenty thousand sheep are kept at night. Curio hunters, who call themselves Christians, have defaced the temple as the Moslems have marred the face of the Sphinx. Yet both of these great monuments to the sun have stood the vicissitudes of time, symbols of a great belief whose people worshiped the Giver of Light and carved their temples out of stone.

La Piedra Pintada stands in desolation, awaiting the interest of those who will provide a fund and protect it from further vandalism. With the hope that such a group or persons will come forth, this article is written for the Occult Digest. We are sending it to you with a prayer that our dreams for *La Piedra Pintada* may be realized.

THE END

Mrs. Tomson Speaking — (*Continued from page 4*)

done thou faithful servant." I had indeed earned a rest and indeed I have *had* a rest. I am invigorated and today I received my first book of teachings in the work I am commissioned to do. I am happy indeed to enter here. I am happy indeed to be able to repay for the greatest blessing that ever came to me—the blessing of having a friend, a true friend who could speak the truth and hold to the truth and never waver, a true friend who lived without fear and I may add, without remorse, who taught me to live today—that yesterday was a stepping stone, today was a solid rock and tomorrow was a stumbling block to become in due time a stepping stone, a rock on which to build today. Living as it were, in the country of the dead I have found that many of the things that seemed real were unreal, and many of the things that seemed unreal were real. One thing I have found and this I want to shout to the people of earth—that only the Truth *lives—only the Truth that is in you lives*—the dross dies. The only true baptism is the baptism that must come to each and every one, the baptism of reality, the reality that you as an individual carry on after death has taken its toll.

I am so glad, my friends, for your hospitality. I am so glad you think of me as you do for I have read your hearts and I know that true love was flowing through the gates of your souls to me; I was blessed and I was calmed when I was laid to rest. I am happy because I am with those who made me happy. I am happy because I have been given the assurance that I fulfilled my mission. I am happy because I have been given a new work and I shall not fail; so give my love to all and let the mantle of Peace fall upon all. May Light fall upon the path of those who stumble and the way be made clear and may the little children be guided to the highway of knowledge and understanding. May the true standard of Life be the resurrection of those who today lift their hands in praise or to strike. May the lips speak Peace that none go astray.

My work, my beloved, will be in the prisons and the institutions of correction, freeing the obsessed souls who dwell therein, striking from them the chains that bind them, opening prison doors—a truly wonderful mission; do you not agree with me. Some time when I have a message for you I will come again.

Mrs. Tomson will be remembered as the materializing medium who held seances for us in 1924.

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THE OCCULT BOOK MART

Snake With Too Many Heads — (*Continued from page 19*)

two to take its place, there is a sea serpent epidemic. Someone sees one off the coast of Scotland, perhaps. Immediately another is seen in the Puget Sound. New Zealand shortly becomes the shore off which another monster serpent has its lair. After months of newspaper publicity the excitement dies down with nothing tangible to show for all the furor. It is very much like the manifestations of complexes in the human mind; there is plenty of commotion, but when traced to its source imaginary attributes are chiefly responsible for the appearance.

Although, according to the mythology of the Greeks, Hydra originally had a hundred heads, only one of them was immortal. It may be assumed therefore, that the head yet to be seen on the constellated figure is this deathless one.

Likewise, it has been found by modern psychologists through wide experience with hypnosis, psychoanalysis and innumerable specially devised tests, that there is one head or governing attribute within the unconscious mind of man which ever dominates the soul; which never is relinquished, and which never takes a second place so long as life shall last.

It is more commonly referred to as the desire for significance. It is the inner urge to be and to accomplish.

Within each form of life there is a vital urge, an impulse that causes it to cling to life, to struggle onward, to express itself and to maintain its own identity at whatever may be the cost. In human terms we speak of the group of thoughts thus expressing as the Power Urges. They are mapped by the sun in a chart of birth.

Because this urge for significance is chiefly that which impels the individual to struggle to survive, and without which he relinquishes his hold on life, it is that factor within the human mind which resists most strongly the effort to remove it or to cause it to take a subordinate place. When it is quoted that self-preservation is nature's first law, it is implied, as psychologists have found to be the case that the individuality holds most tenaciously to the idea of the importance of himself.

In his contact with the outside world, however, this sense of his own power and importance often suffers considerable shock. Especially in the childhood home is he surrounded by those whose abilities are greater. These through their attitude may cause the child to feel quite inadequate to meet that which is expected of it. Regardless of its abilities, for the child's experiences are not wide enough to afford a basis of sound comparison, its repeated failure to live up to its own expectations which are the expectations implied in the attitude of others, may give rise to a chronic feeling of inferiority.

On the other hand, the child who is constantly told how bright he is, whose parents place him in the limelight on every possible occasion, and in spite of mediocre performance give him unstinted praise, develops an undue feeling of his own importance. Too limited in experience to judge by outside standards, as his home and parents constantly offer the suggestion that he is made of better stuff, he accepts their statements as the truth and develops a chronic feeling of superiority.

Because in childhood the mind is more plastic and impressionable than at any later date, the suggestions offered by the parents and others in the home are of far more importance, as a rule, in the development of chronic states of feeling as regarding its own significance than the experiences of later date.

Yet whether the objective mind and certain thought-cells of the unconscious mind accept the suggestion of superiority or that of inferiority, there is always a central nucleus of the unconscious mind—those thought-cells most closely allied to the individuality—that never do accept the suggestion of their own inferiority.

In spite of any evidence to the contrary they hold tenaciously to the attitude that the individual is significant in the scheme of things, that he possesses qualities of value, that in reality he is not an inferior being. They hold to this tenaciously, because when this attitude is gone, when this Power Urge nucleus of the individuality accepts defeat, when the soul itself admits its lack of worth, no longer is there any hold on life, nothing left which makes an effort to survive.

When, therefore, there has been developed through any experiences, of which the usual source is the home, a chronic feeling of inferiority, the individuality thought-cells of the unconscious mind refuse to accept this, and devise various cunning ways by which to save their face.

The apologetic individual, in the Power Urge section of himself, expects greater things of himself than of others. He feels that he should be more perfect than the common run of mankind; and hence he apologizes unnecessarily because his performance though quite as good as most, is not better. He shrinks in fear from responsibility because if he did not make a great success in carrying it, this would be a shock to his interior sense of superiority.

The boastful individual, because of his desire for significance, which in actual life he fails to attain compensates for it through the effort to impress others with his superiority. He presents himself to others as he would like to be. But while this may fool the central cells of his unconscious mind, it seldom fools the public.

The individual with a superiority complex after he leaves the parental roof and faces the world still feels superior; but his unconscious mind must

(*Continued on page 31*)

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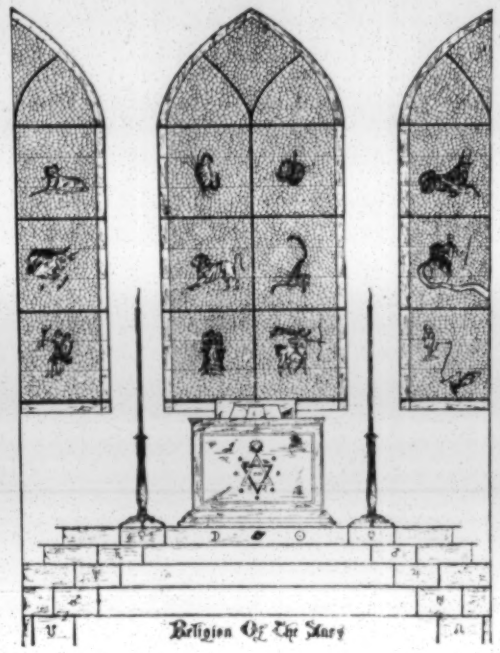

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Tremendous Trifles — (*Continued from page 27*)

it; try once more, and if you fail again, repeat the performance of trying until you have worked the disease of defeat completely out of your mind. Victory will be yours if you do this.

Once during the great naval battle between John Paul Jones, who commanded the American vessel, and the British man-of-war, *Serapis*, the plight of the American crew was unenviable. The deadly fire of the British guns had all but cut the American ship to pieces. Fully half of Jones' men were dead or dying; his ship was a riddled hull and blazing fiercely in many places; his flag had been shot down. The vessel was filling swiftly with water, and was slowly but surely sinking to the bottom of the sea. The smoke was so dense that the combatants were unable to see one another, but all knew that the American ship was doomed; everyone knew that the Americans were defeated. That is, everyone knew it but Jones. The commander of the *Serapis*, Captain Pearson, unable to see the American crew through the dense smoke and knowing that the *Bon Homme Richard* was doomed, thought that Jones had learned his lesson and was ready to give up the ship. "Have you surrendered?" the British officer shouted to Jones. "Surrender?" shouted Jones in answer. "Hell, no, I've just begun to fight." Once more, and with redoubled fury, Janes began the battle. Captain Pearson, recognizing the danger to his own ship and men, struck his colors and surrendered to his weaker foe. In a few minutes after Jones and his crew boarded the British ship, the American vessel sank to the bottom.

To most any man but John Paul Jones the day would have been lost. In spite of the failures which had been his during the terrific battle, he refused to admit them. Everyone but Jones in that battle believed that the Americans were due for nothing but destruction and death. The British crew believed it; the American crew knew it. No one, they thought, but a madman would dare to fight on with his men dying or dead, and his vessel sinking beneath his feet, but Jones and failure were not on speaking terms. He might suffer physical failure, but it made no dent on his courageous mind. He drove his rebellious men on and on; he met an English boarding crew single-handed at the rail and by his fierce mien convinced them that there were hundreds of supporters at his back, forcing the invaders to retreat; for the hundredth time during the battle he compelled his men to one more effort, and he won. The disease of defeat had not communicated itself to his mind.

He refused to say, "I can't." He refused to admit failure even when he was disastrously failing. After every terrific onslaught by the British in which he lost hundreds of men, he ordered his men into battle again. He was whipped, crippled and defeated, but he didn't believe it; thus, when he achieved the impossible, which was victory over his stronger and better-equipped enemy, he realized that every failure he had suffered was but a step up the ladder toward victory.

To the courageous failure is just one more reason for trying again; it is the supreme test of courageous will.

Self-Confidence

Don't go to the trouble of underestimating yourself—there are lots of *friends* around to do that for you. No one admires a conceited snob, but it is my belief that overvaluation is better for a man any day than underestimation. At any rate, the man who has confidence in his own powers to accomplish is not going to be afflicted by that disease of the conscience which unconsciously compels him to deprecate his own worth. Acquire then, a firm and unshaking belief in your own resources, safe with the knowledge that you are rendering the finest service of all for your fellow man. The world will not bid for you any higher than you value yourself. It is no crime to believe in yourself. Self-belief is your sign to the world that you are no wavering and sniffling weakling; it is your sign to the world that you are forceful, resourceful, courageous—a power with which to reckon.

Believing in one's self means that self-respect has been attained. If there is to be mental alertness, moral cleanliness, virtue, there must be a wholesome self-respect. "Above all things reverence thyself," said Pythagoras. The cause of every failure and heartache is self-distrust. Where there is the assurance of strength and power—the knowledge that the thing started will be compassed, there is a self-confidence that will brook only the occasional failure which characterizes the climb to every worthwhile victory. Emerson said: "Self-confidence is the iron string to which all hearts vibrate." Then the man who has self-confidence has gained all there is to gain. Who could want for greater wealth than that?

The world is not nearly so cold as many believe. If the world is cold to you, and distrustful and suspicious of you, it is because the world is taking you at your own estimate. Don't let the world judge you to be one of pining faith and faltering courage—a spineless creature going about shielding your face with your hands. What the world says about you, rest assured, you are in reality saying to yourself. If you want applause from the world—if you want the world to consider you a determined and powerful character, you want to present a character of like nature. Believe strongly in your powers and capabilities and then—*prove it.* The world is open to proof.

(*Continued on page 82*)

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Snake With Too Many Heads — (*Continued from page 29*)

ever find new abilities for his lack of real success. His failure to accomplish more than others, to save the face of his central unconscious mind, is ever laid to circumstances. He never gets an even break with others. He thinks himself imposed upon and that his merits are never properly rewarded.

These types are only three of the more easily recognized misadjustments of a hundred varieties that might be mentioned, by which the unconscious mind compensates by subterfuge for a correct appraisal of its own relation to life.

To make a readjustment of these mental factors was one of the twelve great labors of Hercules. The huge sea serpent, Hydra, which pictures the middle-decanate of the home sign of the zodiac, according to Greek legend not only had a hundred heads, but, even as when a complex or a repression of the human mind is violently slain it crops out in other types of expression, when one sea monster head was cut off two other heads immediately grew to take its place.

Hercules solved the problem of these growths by securing the aid of a companion, such a companion as befits a home. When he clubbed off one of these unseemly heads, Iolaus seared it over with a hot iron to prevent another growing.

The final head, however, was immortal, as is the desire for individual survival and significance. Wisely, therefore, instead of attempting its annihilation, Hercules buried it under a rock, symbolic of the "rock of ages," the Pole Star, Truth.

Whatever desires there may be within the recesses of the unconscious mind and which express in unseemly ways, they are energies which successfully cannot be suppressed. Merely to deny them expression is to have them show two different heads where there was one before. But their energy can be utilized and made to perform constructive work by applying the hot iron of discrimination, by sublimating it through wise appraisal which diverts its energy into channels of expression that are more acceptable.

Quite correctly the individuality of man refuses to consider itself inadequate, inferior and of no consequence. The soul of each was brought into existence with a definite and essential work to do. Quite correctly desires for expression refuse to subside. Whatever their nature, they represent energies which diverted can be turned to constructive use. This is a portion of the Revelation indicated by the section of the Zodiac occupied by the Sun from July 2 to July 12.

Any attempt to annihilate desire, to merely ignore or suppress it, fails to accomplish its purpose; for the energy it represents is still present within the thought-cells of the finer body and is bound to express either in acceptable or unacceptable ways. The teaching therefore follows: Not Through Slaying Desire, But Through Sublimating it to a Higher Plane of Manifestation Does Man Make Soul Progress.

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Tremendous Trifles — (*Continued from page 30*)

There may be some who call you fool and other names born of malicious and jealous tongues. Be not dismayed by this unkindness. The braying of a few does not indicate the opinion of all. The big, masterful Saint Bernard pays no heed to the yipping and snarling of the insignificant poodle. The big dog is confident in his supreme strength and size; he would not think of wasting it even in replying to the growls of a lesser dog. Growls, he knows, hurt no one. People are like dogs in many respects. They seek to hide the inferiority they feel by snapping and growling and telling malicious falsehoods. If you suffer through any poodle-like tendencies, pay them no heed. If they criticize you, that is a sure sign that they are your inferiors and know it. Consider it the greatest compliment when you are criticized harshly and unfairly. Jesus was the most maligned and persecuted man that ever lived. He wasted no time on regrets. He was safe with the knowledge that self-mastery was His.

If you pity yourself because you are accused unfairly; if you spend your time bemoaning because others hate you, envy you, or are jealous of you, you are wasting valuable thought. Give no room to any thought of returning their criticism or their harsh attacks. To do so will precipitate you to the poodle class with them.

Whatever you do, stay out of the little dog class. Consider it an honor when lesser-folk slander and accuse you. Pass it off smilingly and quietly. Remember that envious and cutting tongues are weapons only of cowards. If you are big, as big as the Saint Bernard, the attempts of these cowards will not harm you; they will only stiffen your backbone.

Cruelty Destroys!

The life of King Henry VIII was full of sin and crime and blood. He was treacherous and cunning, full of hypocrisy and cruelty. He established himself as the head of the church in England and wrote a book which he compelled his subjects to read in place of the Bible. In the name of the church he murdered his people by the thousands. Scarcely a day passed during his tumultuous reign that the space around the large open squares of execution did not resound with the shrieks of victims doomed to die on the block. There was no day that the blood of innocents did not flow through the streets, blood from the necks of Henry's victims. This dreadful man who signed a death warrant as calmly as you would a letter, condemned three of his wives to death. This bloody murderer styled himself the *avenger of God, and the judge of men*, and in living up to this title he kept the fagot-piles flaming with human fuel, and the streets running with the blood of hapless innocents.

One day during the height of Henry's murders, a priest who refused to recognize the king as the supreme head of the church, was lead to the block in the open square. Just before the execution, the priest cursed the king and said: "May the dogs one day drink the blood of this king who has shed so much innocent blood."

Years afterward King Henry himself met death. That bloody hand which had signed so many death warrants had stiffened as the dying monarch was in the act of signing the death decree of the Duke of Norfolk. His last words muttered with numbed and mumbling tongue were: "What kind of a world is this where those who condemn others to die, are condemned to die themselves?" For days the death of this terrible man was kept secret, and when finally the royal funeral train did pass through the gates of Whitehall to move through the streets of London, there were no signs of tears or pity from the people who lined the streets.

The journey to Westminster Abbey was long, and many times the hearse bearing the coffin of Henry was stopped to rest the horses. Finally the hearse came to a halt in the open square where, long before, the condemned priest had with his last breath cursed the king. As the gloomy procession came to rest, blood was seen to trickle from the coffin of King Henry and flow down on the ground. Between the cobblestones of the street flowed the crimson stream, just as the blood of the king's victims had flowed before. And as the crowd stood watching in shuddering and fearful silence the flowing of the king's blood, two dogs leaped forth from the crowd and, with greedy tongue, lapped up the blood of Henry the Eighth. The curse of the dying priest had been fulfilled.

This is not a beautiful picture upon which to look; but it is a true picture. It is just as easy to work for love and happiness as it is for unhappiness and hate. The surest way to work injury to yourself is to work injury to another. Henry VIII did not live to make others happy. He was never pleased unless he was watching the execution of his victims. But what did it get him? Do you suppose that he was happy in the knowledge that his people loathed and hated him? By working at hate, the end is hate. The deeds of men, it has been said, live after them. In life we suggest by our living that which takes place in the life to follow. If we suggest unhappiness and hate it is certain that we shall have to experience unhappiness and hate after we have penetrated the veil of death until we are able to grow above it. There is no violent change in nature. If we suggest by our thoughts, actions, words, a life of happiness, that will be our experience after we are freed of the earthly shell.

Since it is so much easier to live a life of love and withal, so much more satisfactory, why not conserve our forces by refusing to consider thoughts of hate? Nothing dissipates our wonderful strength like negative thinking. There is no advancement for the soul who is ever jealous and envious and filled with suspicion and hate. Thought is the power given to us by God. It is powerful for good only when used constructively. Even in the midst of uncongenial and depressing surroundings, it is possible to be kind.

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